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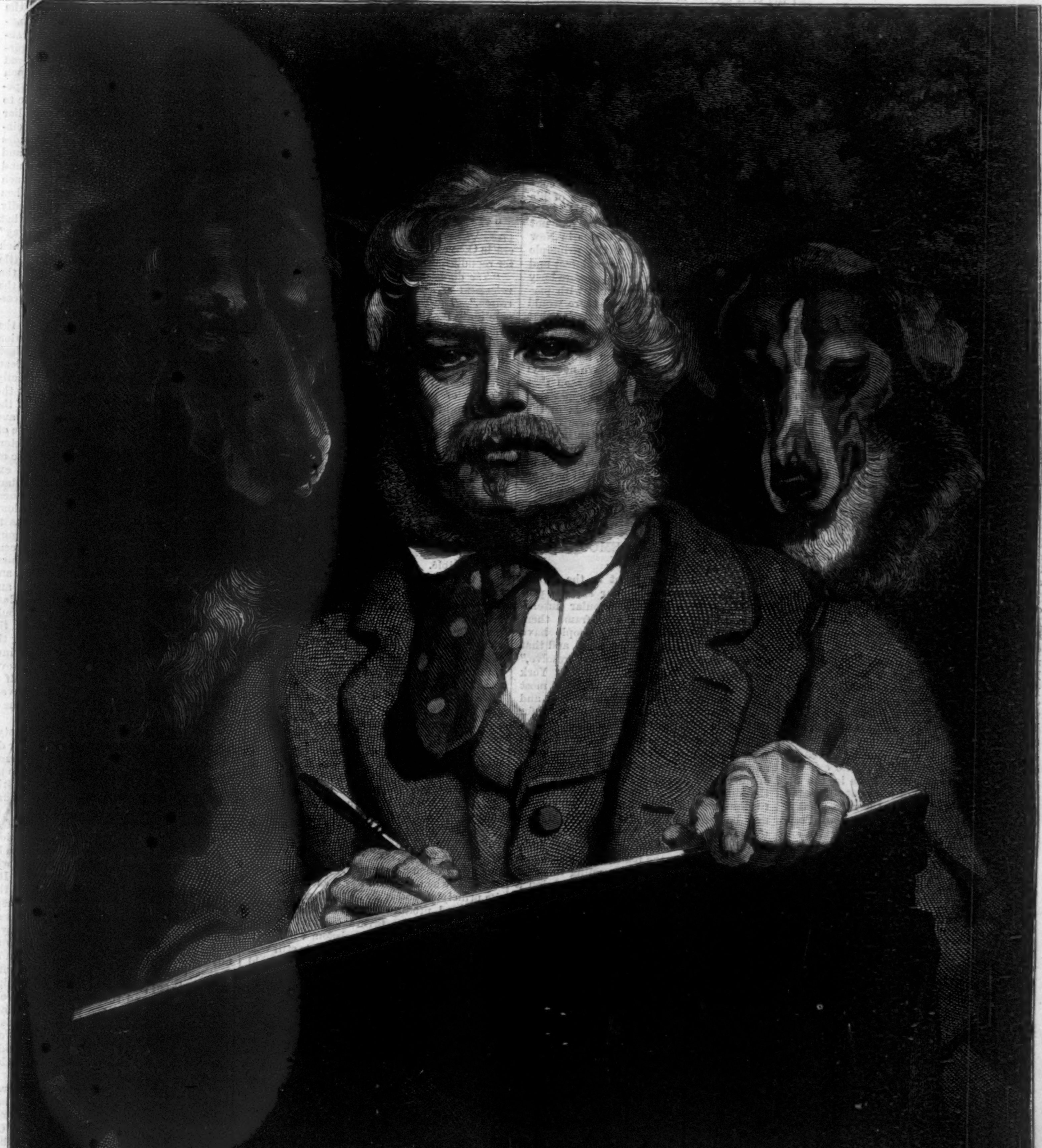

THE CONNOISSEURS.—From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.—[See Page 939.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 25, 1873.

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THE PROSPECTS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE very able and interesting report of the Examining Board of the Treasury, published in the early spring, states that one of the chief embarrassments which the board had encountered was public disbelief of the reality and thoroughness of the reform. Is this incredulity surprising? The President forbids political assessments upon subordinates, and issues an executive order virtually reproving the political officiousness of officers of the service. But, in total contempt of his orders, they levy assessments, desert their posts of duty, assume the management of all party assemblies, and continue to use patronage as a party lever. If these gentlemen were sure that their illicit use of official power was sternly disapproved, they would hardly be so eager to tout for General Butler in Massachusetts, or to manage the Convention in New York, or to take the Legislature up the river in Louisiana.

And while these continue, how can the country believe that there is a real reform? It will judge, and properly, by conspicuous instances and by the general conduct and character of the service. The country can not know whether a night inspector in the New York Custom-house is or is not appointed—whatever may be asserted—in accordance with the rules; but it can see distinctly whether certain chief offices in New York are bestowed in accordance with the spirit and purpose of the rules, or in obedience to the old system, which the reform professes to supplant. The public can not really know whether the clerks in the St. Louis Post-office were or were not appointed as the President directs in the rules; but it does know distinctly that the St. Louis Postmaster deliberately did what the rules expressly forbade him to do, and that he retains his office. The country can not know how the clerks in the New Orleans Custom-house are appointed; but it does know that the Collector of New Orleans was guilty of a flagrant offense, and was subsequently renominated for the position.

In the presence of such facts, not isolated, but constantly recurring, it is in vain that examinations are announced for certain minor positions. Rules and examinations are, indeed, indispensable for the proper regulation of a civil service so extensive as ours. But the spirit is more than the letter, and every man who is truly interested in this most vital question will look even more closely at the discretionary action of the President than at the operation of the rules. And this for the reason that the President's will is the spring of the whole movement, and his real disposition upon the subject can be seen more plainly in his discretionary action. We shall all believe that the rules are honestly observed in the minor cases, although we can not watch their operation, if we see that the President in his nominations of the chief collectors, surveyors, postmasters, and other officers who are not submitted to technical examinations, regards the essential spirit of reform. If, for instance, he promotes a subordinate who is thoroughly competent and suitable for the superior position, the country has conclusive evidence of his sincerity and resolution. But if he disregards the fitness of the subordinate, and appoints over his head an active politician, however good a man and officer he may be, the country justly concludes that other considerations than those of efficient official service have affected the decision. One such case properly outweighs in the public mind a thousand examinations. One such case, indeed, throws suspicion upon every examination. One such case, if it be conspicuous, not only destroys public faith in the reality of the reform, but demoralizes the service itself by showing the officers that promotion, which is one of the three cardinal points of the reformed system, will be confined to the most unimportant grades, so that its vital value as an incentive is totally lost.

It is very true that the great and long-accumulating abuses of the old system of the civil service are not to be reformed at once. But it is equally true that nothing is easier than to show at once the spirit and disposition of reform. If, for instance, the President had promptly accepted the resignation of the Collector of New Orleans; if the Postmaster at St. Louis had been removed for the violation of one of the most peremptory of the President's rules, and he had been informed that a plea of ignorance only increased the offense; if, when it was intimated to the President that his nomination for a Surveyor of the Port of New York would not be confirmed, he had said that, having made a nomination in strict conformity with the spirit and purpose of his rules, he should throw upon the Senate the responsibility of rejecting it; if it had not been evident that the chief offices in New York had been filled upon the principle which the spirit of the rules repudiates; and if the public officers every where were busy with their public duties, and not with party management and intrigue—there would be a profound and universal conviction that great results had been already achieved, and that a thorough reform was intended.

That the things we mention, and countless others of the same kind, have not been done, and are not doing, is the reason that this reform is the open jibe of the opposition and the secret doubt of its friends in the Republican party. And until these things are done, constantly and consistently done, the work of the Commission, faithful, able, and devoted as we know it to be, will be in vain, and the Republican party will have no right to claim that it has really reformed the civil service.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

THE most striking point in the Democratic platforms of this year is their profound contempt for the popular intelligence. The gentlemen who frame them apparently suppose that the people have neither memory nor common-sense, and that a party convention has but to "resolve," and it will be believed. The New York Democratic platform is the last and most ludicrous illustration of this audacity; and bearing in mind the history of the party for the last twenty years, let us look at the assertions of that document. The resolutions were reported to the Convention by a committee of which Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan, of the city of New York, was chairman; and the sincerity of their denunciations of corruption, and of their demands of reform, may be inferred from the fact that during the supremacy of the Tammany Ring it had no more faithful political supporter than Mr. Sullivan, as the readers of newspapers well remember. It is interesting to know that in ex-Governor Seymour's opinion a convention whose views are expressed by such a gentleman has "already made the political atmosphere more pure."

The platform declares that the Democrats of New York invite the co-operation of all citizens who "agree with them" in certain fundamental principles of Jefferson's. Agree with them? Let us see if what they praise are either Democratic doctrines or practices.

"*Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political.*" The Democratic party has steadily denied equal and exact justice. It has been the great slave-hound. Thirty years ago in this State, by a strict party vote in the Legislature, it censured Governor Seward for not acknowledging the Virginia slave law in New York; and the Democratic Governor who succeeded him recommended the repeal of the law that gave a man merely claimed as a slave the right of defending himself. In the national government it acquired Texas, and repealed the Missouri Compromise, and attempted to coerce Kansas by arms, in order to extend the area of human slavery. This has been the regard for "equal and exact justice" of the Democratic party.

"*The support of the State governments in all their rights,*" etc. The Democratic party has constantly maintained a theory of "the rights" of the States, which is expressed in the resolutions of '98, and which is incompatible with the absolute national supremacy of the Union.

"*The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor,*" etc. The last Democratic cabinet was a conspiracy against the general government, and Democratic leaders, actively supported by the Southern wing, and passively by the Northern wing of the party, made war for four years upon the government, at an enormous cost of life and money.

"*A jealous care of the right of election by the people.*" John Slidell, the Democratic leader of Louisiana, in the Plaquemine frauds, and the career of Tweed and the Tammany Ring in New York, the most powerful Democratic organization in the country, illustrate Democratic jealousy of the right of election.

"*Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority*"—as in the election of Abraham Lincoln.

"*The supremacy of the civil over the military authority.*" No man of any party questions it when properly interpreted. But under this plea the Democratic party sought at every point to perplex and paralyze the national authority during the war.

"*Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened.*" The present heavy taxation is due to the rebellion of Democratic leaders, and the Republican party has steadily diminished taxation and reduced the debt.

"*The honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith.*" The Democratic Convention of 1868 virtually declared for repudiation.

"*The diffusion of information, and the arraignment of all abuses at the bar of public reason.*" The Democratic party, as its last candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Greeley, constantly showed, attracts the most ignorant classes of the people, while those parts of the country which are most intelligent and industrious most absolutely distrust and reject it. Far from arraigning all abuses at the bar of public reason, the Democratic party sought to silence, by resolutions, riots, and the military power, the free and peaceable discussion of the worst abuse in history.

"*Freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus.*" The Democratic party, the party of Horatio Seymour, the President of the New York Convention, has been notoriously, within the knowledge of all living men, the deadly foe of human freedom.

It is hard to say whether the impudence of these declarations is more ludicrous or contemptible. But, however that may be, they will not deceive a single voter. Jefferson's one idea was human liberty. The one purpose of the Democratic party for a generation has been the extension and perpetuation of human slavery. The restoration of slavery, indeed, is now happily impossible. But were it still existing in this country, Mr. Seymour and his Democratic Convention a fortnight ago at Utica would have resolved that it was all right, and that any discussion of it would be incendiary and treasonable to the Union. As they could not do that, they declared that they were now, and always had been, the champions of liberty, and invited us all who love liberty and law to join them.

Upon what ground? In 1845, after the election of Mr. Polk, when it was supposed that the Whigs and the Barnburners in New York might unite to call a Constitutional Convention, Mr. Horatio Seymour, speaking of the Whigs, said, "There is reason for suspicion when a great party has been overthrown, when the country has repudiated its principles, and it seeks to change its position, and produce a new order of things that may be more favorable to its designs and objects." It was a wisdom which Mr. Seymour found in Burke, but it is still wisdom. For what reason, we repeat, should those who accept the principles quoted from Jefferson co-operate with the Democratic party? While its policy has been un-American and inhuman, has its administration been more honest and capable than the Republican? Its last President was Mr. Buchanan, with Floyd for his Secretary of War and Jacob Thompson for his Secretary of the Interior. Its last Governor of New York was Mr. Hoffman, the tool of the Tammany Ring. It denounces the Crédit Mobilier. But while Republicans have been politically ruined by it, the worst offender was a Democrat. It condemns the "salary grab." But while the Republican Congress and President must bear the responsibility, because they were the majority, yet the Democrats were equally guilty. Of the seventeen Democratic Senators, five only voted against the bill, and of those five three only have returned the money to the Treasury. Of the ninety-six Democratic Representatives, eight only have returned the money. The Ohio Democratic Convention denounced the grabbers, but every Democratic Representative from that State took the money and kept it.

Nothing is more puerile and futile than the effort of the Democratic managers to make party capital of the Crédit Mobilier and the "salary grab." It is their party name and organization which are fatal. It is not to a Democratic Convention led by Mr. Horatio Seymour, and to which Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan reports doctrines of Jefferson which the Democratic party has despised, and censures of corruption in which it has eagerly shared, that the people of New York will look either for purity of principle or honesty of administration.

THE FIRST DUTY OF CONGRESS.

THERE is one measure which every Republican Convention of the year, with the exception of that in Virginia, has condemned, the repeal of which almost every Convention has demanded, which several conspicuous Republican Senators have announced that they shall move to repeal, and upon which the New York Convention has especially requested the Senators of the State to take action. That measure is the familiar "salary grab." Maine began the denunciation, and New York in due order concludes it. Members of Congress should understand that they can not avoid the question, and that their votes will be watched very much more closely than they were last spring when the bill was passed. There are undoubtedly some eminent Republicans who think that the hostility to the "grab" is mere "gag" and "Buncombe," that the emphasis which has been laid upon it only shows how little real ground of opposition there is to the party, and who regard the resolutions of the different conventions as necessary concessions to a contemptible public clamor.

But this is a serious error, even in the party view. There is a general conviction that the great principles of the Republican party have been approved, and Republican administration is therefore more strictly scrutinized. It is feared by many that the Republican party has inherited some of the old Whig tendency toward a generous and liberal public policy, and that, in a time of an unsound financial basis which fosters speculation, and with the great increase of illicit opportunity offered by the vast expansion of the civil service, there is a dangerous inclination to loose if not dishonest administration. In this situation the dominant party can do nothing so wise as to show an example of the most rigid regard for economy and retrenchment. The recent financial troubles leave a lurking uneasiness in the public mind. Capital will fear, and labor will suffer, during the winter; and should Congress exhibit a profuse and lavish disposition, the Republican party would be called to the severest account. If, on the other hand, it should begin by removing the scandal of the last Congress, and continue by sternly rejecting jobs called improvements, it would at once commend itself to the hearty sympathy and support of every honest man, and vindicate the good name of the party.

"Corruption wins not more than honesty." It is as true in politics as in every other department of human activity. When corruption begins in a party, when those who are unworthy representatives of the party principle become its leaders, and its measures betray the recklessness and insolence of power, the party begins to decline. If to-day there are many Republicans who look gravely upon their party prospects, it is because they see it apparently identified with certain unworthy men and measures. It is no answer to such Republicans to say that there are bad men in all parties, and especially in one so supreme. That is freely admitted. No party ought to be judged by its worst members. But when those who are not the best control a party, and when the best can not honestly defend its measures, it is idle to suppose that it will not be judged by those men and those measures. We do not say that such is the present condition of the Republican party. But there is no sincere Republican who reads these words who does not see much in the party tendency that makes him restless and apprehensive.

Nothing, we say again, could do more to dissipate such feelings, which are not baseless fancies, than a plain and vigorous resolution in the Republican majority in Congress to put down extravagance and jobbery. Recent events warn us to moderation. The action of Congress must repress, not foster, speculation. Its legislation should regard great principles, not special interests. The money which has been taken from the Treasury under the "salary-grab" amendment

can not, indeed, be restored, and the new members who did not vote upon the question, and who may feel that they are not overpaid even by the increase of salary, may be unwilling to "vote money out of their pockets." Undoubtedly it is a sacrifice. Public agents are not fond of reducing their own wages. But if the majority should make the sacrifice, it would be an immense political benefit to themselves and to their party; and since they must meet the question, it is well for them to be reflecting what course they will pursue, and it will be ill for them to delay the repeal which the conventions of the Republican majority and the sentiment of the country demand.

THE END OF "CINCINNATI."

IF the Democratic party is a party without principles, it certainly has a multitude of voters. But the gentlemen who call themselves Liberal Republicans have neither. They claim, indeed, to desire greater independence of party and a reformed civil service. But their two chief representatives in this State are Mr. JOHN COCHRANE, who formerly exhorted us to vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated, and Senator FENTON, who owes his political success to skillful manipulations of the civil service. When these gentlemen offer themselves as reformers and purifiers of politics, the response can only be a good-natured laugh. But when they make the very great mistake of meeting in convention and solemnly nominating State officers, they appeal to charity and pity. For they must not flatter themselves that they occupy the position which the old Liberty and Free-soil party occupied. That was, indeed, in its beginning a small party, and was, like the Liberal Republican gentlemen, rejected by both the others. But it was a glorious minority, for it had a great idea, and earnest men behind it. It was not founded upon personal disappointment or selfish ambition.

We know that the Liberals claim an idea. But the idea is not enough: there must be the right kind of men behind it. And it is a melancholy truth that the gentlemen who were conspicuous at Elmira are not the men who can hopefully undertake the organization of a party which shall be independent of parties, and free from the various taints which affect other parties. The movement of last year seemed for a while imposing, because the Democratic party assumed it. But since the lamentable want of Liberal Republican votes was made manifest by the result at the polls, the Democratic party has not shown common courtesy to the gentlemen whose platform and candidates it appropriated to its own use. It would not have them at its Convention this year, except as Democrats, and it has freely treated them in some of its newspapers to Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs." Having failed so totally and ludicrously, why do not the Liberals own their error? Mr. RAYMOND thought that ANDREW JOHNSON was the coming man in 1865, and he took part in the weeping Philadelphia Convention. But he presently frankly confessed that he had made a great mistake. It is the best way. When a new party is formed, the Liberals will probably join it, and in the mean time they will act with the Democrats. But they will not be the nucleus of a new party. If any man wishes to protest by his vote against what he believes to be the corruption of both parties, let him do so. A few such men gave all the value there was to the Cincinnati movement. But do they really think that such a protest in this State is serious when they look at the gentlemen who have represented "Liberal Republicanism?"

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE Christian Congress, or "Evangelical Alliance," whose recent meeting was an occasion of such general interest, was a remarkable cosmopolitan assembly. It was significant as an expression of the growing disregard of sectarian lines among the mass of professed Christians who are opposed to the Roman Church; and it is perhaps the fact that organized Jesuitism, as GAVAZZI calls the Church of Rome, is hopeful even of recovering England, as Monseigneur CAPEL plainly declares, which arouses the body called Evangelical Christians to associate themselves, in disregard of their sectarian differences, to withstand the effort to Romanize modern civilization. The actual results of such a meeting are not very visible. They are mainly to be found in broader sympathy and good feeling among the sects. The late good Mr. MAY would baptize either by immersion or by sprinkling, at the will of the applicant. The tendency of such an assembly is to the same charity. It is to diminish the importance of sectarian forms, and so far to release the human mind from thralldom. When the Baptist acknowledges that the Methodist and Presbyterian are quite as Christian as himself, the mere form of baptism by immersion has necessarily become less important; and to the Episcopalian who sees the essential Christian character in the Congregationalist, the ritual and the bishop have begun to be matters of taste only.

The Alliance did not profess to be a General Council of the Christian Church, but only of certain Christian sects which call themselves evangelical. It necessarily excludes the Church of Rome, which claims to be Christian, and what are called the liberal Protestant sects, such as the Unitarians and Universalists. Its test, not unnaturally, was a certain theory of Christ and his relation to God and man. We say not unnaturally, because, as the Alliance was chiefly composed of those who hold to justification by faith alone, creeds, theologies, and speculative views are necessarily very essential to it. But this exclusive spirit belongs perhaps to the sectarianism which the Alliance supposes that it has abolished. The members might well have pondered the words of the Dean of Canterbury at one of the sessions: "We should therefore bear with one another in a different spirit to what we do now. We imagine that we have obtained the truth, and deny that our brethren have. If we were to look to the good we were to reach, we should not be inclined to quarrel with others who were hurrying on there, even if they were in different stages of progress, and if in some respects they differed from us in their apprehensions of things. We imagine that what we knew was the truth, instead of feeling, as we ought to do, that we have attained only a small portion of the truth."

Undoubtedly if the evangelical sects would discard altogether their sectarianism, and unite in one communion and one ritual, like the Church of Rome, their opposition to that Church would be a hundredfold more effectual. For their force is dissipated by their varying forms, which necessarily prevent their opposing themselves as a single Church to that of Rome. If this abolition of sectarianism be the object of the Alliance, it is most praiseworthy, not only for itself, but for what it leads to. And even if it be not the object, it is inevitably, as we saw, the tendency. Meanwhile, if it proposes to withstand the Roman Church, the Alliance must understand that it is not the theological dogmas of that Church, but, as its opponents assert, its spirit, fatal to spiritual liberty, which is the chief peril. The true reformed ground is the assertion that religion is a life, not a creed, and that to the perfect moral conduct of that life soul-liberty, in the phrase of ROGER WILLIAMS, is indispensable. It is that liberty which the opponents of the Roman Church insist that it denies; and its influence can, therefore, be effectively withstood only by insisting upon that liberty. When the Alliance heartily insists upon that, and illustrates it, its voice will be as the sound of many waters, and the Church of the Seven Hills will hear and tremble.

LANDSEER'S "CONNOISSEURS."

ON our first page will be found an engraving from "The Connoisseurs," one of the best-known works of the late eminent animal painter, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, who died on the 1st inst., at the advanced age of seventy-one. The son of an engraver who stood high in his profession, LANDSEER enjoyed excellent opportunities for the study of art. By rare good fortune he escaped the conventional training of the Academy, and pursued his studies in the fields and woods under his father's guidance. He was surrounded by artistic influences: his elder brothers, CHARLES and THOMAS, are well known in art—the first as a painter of distinction, the latter as one of the most accomplished engravers England has produced. Under these favorable influences LANDSEER's natural tastes and powers were fully developed and trained, and at a very early age his supremacy in the art of animal painting was universally recognized. His popularity was great among all classes. Engravings from his works, some of them executed by his father and others by his brother THOMAS, have carried his name into thousands of humble cottages, and spread a genial, humanizing influence wherever they have gone. His work is thoroughly English, and betrays the national fondness for horses, dogs, and game. His chief rival in art was ROSA BONHEUR; but in the variety no less than in the thoroughness of his artistic learning, in his sense of humor, and in his technical skill, LANDSEER so far excelled the clever and spirited Frenchwoman that there could not be admitted any real comparison between them.

LANDSEER was perhaps overfond of giving a half-human expression to his animals. They were sometimes mere caricatures of humanity; and this curious whim, which is nowhere observable in the paintings of ROSA BONHEUR, injured many a picture otherwise admirable in drawing, texture of hide, wool, or plumage, and local color. But in those works where this peculiarity is not obtruded he has no superior. No other painter knew so well how to portray brute character.

LANDSEER rarely attempted any thing outside the boundaries of his art. The most noted exception, and also the most deplorable failure, to be mentioned is that of the couchant lions for the pedestal of the NELSON monument in Trafalgar Square. It was originally intended that each of these four lions should have a distinct and characteristic attitude, but either the parsimony of the nation or LANDSEER's distrust of his own powers prevented the carrying out of the original design, and all four were made exactly alike. Unfortunately, too, the one lion is by no means flattering to the king of the desert. LANDSEER made his studies from the caged specimens in the Zoological Gardens, and his sculptured forms are simply reproductions of these spiritless creatures. His great strength lay in the representation of the animals he knew and loved. He never could paint the human face well—a peculiarity shared by ROSA BONHEUR. But while the gifted Frenchwoman avoids as far as possible betraying this deficiency in her art, LANDSEER repeatedly injured important pictures by putting human figures in them with a prominence that made the failure painfully apparent. "His dogs and horses," says a late writer, "always made his men and women look like inferior beings." But at his best no animal painter ever equaled him. His art was always healthy and humanizing, and he well deserved the high position he has held in the estimation of the world.

The picture we have engraved shows the artist seated, sketching, between two sagacious-looking dogs, who are evidently surveying his work with a critical eye. The original painting is in the possession of the Prince of Wales. Many of LANDSEER's finest pictures, among them "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," to which RUSKIN has paid so eloquent a tribute of admiration, are in the SHEEPSHANKS collection at South Kensington.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

THE ocean regatta for the BENNETT cup and purse, of which we give an illustration on page 941, may be styled a new departure in marine racing. The competing vessels, thirteen in number, comprised four distinct classes of schooners—yachts, pilot-boats, working schooners, and one schooner smack—as follows:

Name.	Owner.	Tonnage.
YACHTS.		
Enchantress	J. F. LOUBAT	276.16
Alarm	A. C. KINGSLAND	225.77
Clio	T. B. ASTEN, T. C. BRADHURST	50.18
Eva	B. BURD GRUBB	77.50
Dreadnaught	A. B. STOCKWELL	240.00
PILOT-BOATS.		
Widgeon, No. 10	New York Pilots	105.09
James W. Elwell, No. 7	New York Pilots	165.00
Mary E. Fish, No. 4	New York Pilots	106.00
Edmund Blunt, No. 2	New York Pilots	111.00
Thomas S. Negus, No. 1	New Jersey Pilots	130.00
WORKING SCHOONERS.		
W. H. Van Name, A.	W. H. VAN NAME	180.00
Reindeer, B.	Captain HOWARD	140.00
SCHOONER SMACK.		
Wallace Blackford	E. H. C. RODGERS & Co.	80.00

The course to be sailed was from the anchorage off Owl's Head to and around the light-ship on Five-fathom Bank, Cape May, and back to Sandy Hook light-ship. Thursday afternoon, October 9, was the day appointed for the start, and the signal was given a few minutes after three o'clock. The *Clio* was the first to weigh anchor and hoist her jib, flying-jib, and jib-top-sail, and to come round and head through the Narrows. She was closely followed by the *Eva*, *Enchantress*, *Alarm*, and *Dreadnaught*. The two first-named were, however, a long way ahead before the latter had swung around. Of the pilot-boats and others the *Mary E. Fish* was the first to make a start, although she was quickly followed by the *Widgeon*, *Thomas S. Negus*, *James W. Elwell*, *Wallace Blackford*, *Reindeer*, and *Van Name*, in the order named. The wind, which was particularly light from the north-northeast, enabled the competing boats to wing out their sails and set every available inch of canvas. In fact, almost a dead calm prevailed, and it became scarcely more than a drifting-match. The *Clio* still continued to hold her lead, and, indeed, to increase it. The *Eva* also was very soon a long way ahead of all the other yachts, followed by the *Enchantress*, which was evidently in good trim, and leading the *Dreadnaught* and *Alarm*. The *Enchantress* had an immense gaff-topsail set, which told with great effect in the light wind. Of the pilot-boats and others the *Mary E. Fish* had the lead, followed by the *James W. Elwell*, which had drawn ahead of some of the others, closely followed by the *Widgeon*, *Wallace Blackford*, and *Thomas S. Negus*, with the *Van Name* and *Reindeer* bringing up the rear. On arriving off Fort Wadsworth the *Clio* still continued to lead, with the *Eva* next, followed by the *Alarm*, *Enchantress*, and *Dreadnaught*. As soon as the Narrows were passed, the yachts named set all their kites, all going wing and wing. These were followed by the *Mary E. Fish*, *Widgeon*, *Reindeer* (which had come to the front considerably), *Van Name* (which was evidently a fast sailer in light weather, besides being beautifully handled), *Thomas S. Negus*, *James W. Elwell*, *Wallace Blackford*, and pilot-boat No. 2. This order was maintained for some time.

We have not the space to give in detail the narrative of each competing vessel's experience during the trip. The weather became quite boisterous during the evening, and heavy seas made the voyage any thing but pleasant. The yacht *Enchantress* was the first to return, winning the BENNETT cup, of which we gave an illustration in our last number. She made a run, going and returning, of about 247 miles in exactly thirty-nine hours. The pilot-boat *Thomas S. Negus* was the second vessel in, about two hours after the arrival of the *Enchantress*, winning the purse of $1000. The prize of $250 for working schooners was won by the *W. H. Van Name*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections met on the 7th inst. at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to investigate the principles of the Electoral College, and prepare a report on the subject. The substance of their deliberations thus far may be briefly stated as involving the following, among other propositions which were considered, but without conclusion: *First.* To abolish the Electoral College. *Second.* That the President and Vice-President shall be elected by the people voting directly for candidates. *Third.* That each State shall be divided into as many districts as the State is entitled to Representatives in Congress, to be composed of contiguous territory, compact in form, and as nearly equal in population as may be, and the person having the highest number of votes for President in each district shall receive the vote of that district for President, which shall count one Presidential vote; that each State shall be entitled to two Presidential voters at large, which shall be counted for the person having the highest number of votes in the whole State. *Fourth.* The person having the highest number of such Presidential votes in the United States shall be President. *Fifth.* These provisions to be applicable to the election of Vice-President.

The popular vote on the question of annexing the suburbs of Brighton, Charlestown, West Roxbury, and Brookline to the city of Boston was taken on the 7th inst. All but Brookline declared in favor of the measure.

The third trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., was begun on the 8th inst. before Judge Davis at Oyer and Terminer.

Irving, the man who pretends to know all about the Nathan murder, was brought to this city from San Francisco by the police, reaching here on the 9th inst.

The New York State Temperance Convention met at Utica on the 9th inst., and resolved against voting for any candidate for Assemblyman who would not pledge himself to vote for a prohibitory law.

The Central New York Fair was formally inaugurated at Utica on the 8th inst. with an address by ex-Governor Seymour.

The yellow fever is still prevalent in Memphis, Shreveport, and other Southern districts. Subscriptions for the sufferers have been raised at Knoxville (Tennessee), Atlanta (Georgia), Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Louisville, and this city.

It is reported that the National Bank of the Commonwealth, of this city, will pay fifty cents on the dollar.

The New York Liberal Republican State Convention met at Elmira on the 7th inst., Colonel Frederick A. Conkling presiding. A number of lengthy resolutions were passed, and five Democrats and two Republicans were nominated for State offices.

The first snow of the season fell on the 7th inst. at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and at Fonda and Kingston, in this State. The fall was of about eight inches in depth.

Captain Buddington's party of the *Polaris* expedition reached Washington, D. C., on the 8th inst., in the United States steamer *Talapoosa*.

A cyclone at Key West and Punta Rossa, Florida, on the 10th inst., caused the sea to rise fourteen feet and sweep all before it.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, was shot and slightly wounded by M. F. Conway, of the same State, in Washington, D. C., on the 11th inst. Conway alleges in defense of the deed that his family have been ruined by Pomeroy.

The annual exhibition of the American Institute, in this city, is now complete in all its departments, presenting a well-arranged display of machinery in motion, manufacturing processes in operation, and a great variety of the products of artistic, inventive, mechanical, and industrial skill of rare excellence, and well calculated to interest and instruct all classes of visitors. The exhibition will close November 15.

Brigham Young was re-elected president of the Latter-day Saints on the 8th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE long-deferred trial of Marshal Bazaine for treasonable acts in connection with the surrender of Metz has at length begun at Versailles. The Duc d'Aumale presides. In the course of the proceedings the prisoner was charged with having failed to co-operate with M'Mahon, who moved toward the Meuse to join hands with him, and with having refused to avail himself of the balloon service for communication.

The following are the cabinet names proposed by the Deputies of the Right in the French Assembly, in case the monarchical movement should succeed: Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Bocher, Minister of the Interior; M. De Chesnelong, Minister of Finance; M. Depeyre, Minister of Justice; M. Grivart, Minister of Public Works; M. Dupeyron, Minister of Commerce; M. Desjardins, Minister of Public Instruction; the Marquis de Montaignac, Minister of Marine; and General Changarnier, Minister of War. According to M. Gambetta's views, however, the time employed in making these selections was simply thrown away, as the republic is destined to be permanent. M. Thiers, it is said, has declared for a prolongation of M'Mahon's term as President. The Comte de Chambord has left Frohsdorf, and taken up his abode near Paris.—One hundred of the republican members of the French Assembly have met, adopted an electoral scheme, and appointed a committee from the three groups of the Left to draw up an official declaration in the name of the republican party. M. Thiers and M. Gambetta support the action of the meeting.

The elections to fill vacancies in the French Assembly, held on the 12th inst., resulted in the return of Remusat (who ran against Niel), the candidate of the Right in the Haute-Garonne, and the Republicans in three other departments, by overwhelming majorities.

Twenty-seven members of the Municipal Council of Paris have issued an address, denying the right of the Assembly to alienate the national sovereignty, declaring that the majority of the people reject the claim of the Comte de Chambord, and calling on the people of the Department of the Seine to declare how they propose to vote.

Rumor has it that General Manteuffel will replace Count Arnim as German embassador to France.

The report that General Garibaldi had reached Paris is pronounced false by the French papers.

The Spanish Carlists are reported to be losing ground in the northern provinces. General Savalls has joined his fortunes with those of Don Alphonso. The insurgents made another sortie from Cartagena recently, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The rifles seized on the British steam-yacht *Deerhound* have been deposited in the arsenal at Ferrol. The Spanish government has imposed a duty of five per cent. on all wines exported after October 31.

The Mercantile Bank of Havana has suspended.

John Bright, in an address to his constituents, has announced himself as a candidate for re-election to Parliament. Mr. Hayes, a liberal, has been elected from Bath.

Bishop Reinkens, the leader of the Old Catholics in Prussia, has taken the oath of allegiance to the Emperor of Germany.

The total number of cholera cases in Vienna since July 16 was 3020.

A statue of Frederick VII., late King of Denmark, was unveiled at Copenhagen on the 7th ult.

The Danish Rigsdag resumed its session at Copenhagen on the 6th inst.

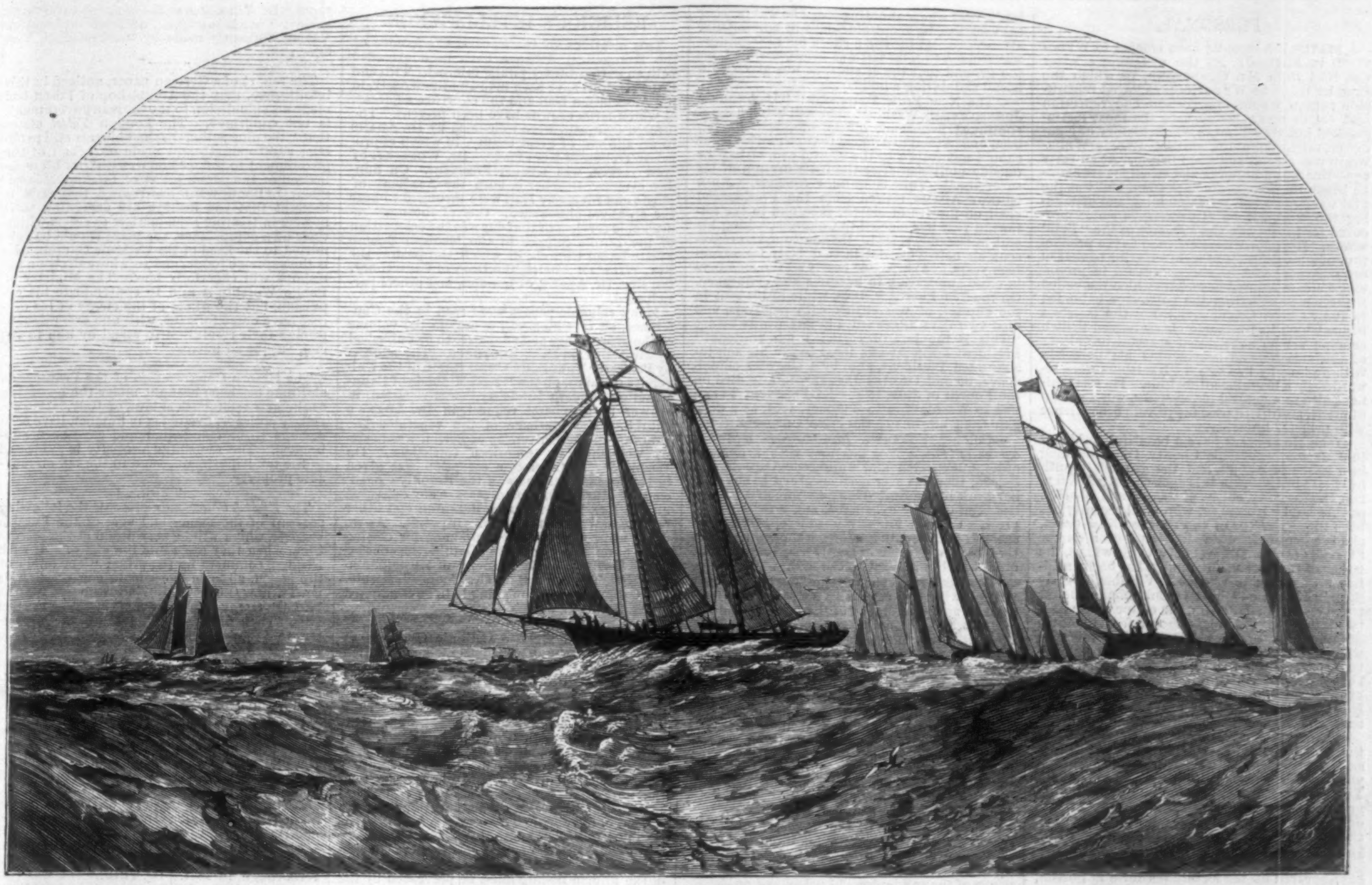
Sir Samuel Baker and wife have arrived in England.

Count Maurice de Flavigny, the well-known politician, is dead.

The Council of Geneva has sent to the Federal Council of Switzerland complaining of annoyance through Bishop Mermillod's intrigues, and praying that the French government be requested to put a stop to them.

The railway from Bombay to Madras has been completed.

THE EMIGRANT WAGON—ON THE WAY TO THE RAILWAY STATION.—[See Page 950.]



THE OCEAN YACHT RACE—OFF THE HOOK, OUTWARD-BOUND.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 939.]

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HERD.

"Hunting the tiger," said a veteran East Indian sportsman, "is splendid sport, unless the tiger should take it into his head to hunt *you*." American sportsmen on the Western prairies say the same thing of hunting the buffaloes, although the freedom of the open prairie makes the sport in the latter case less dangerous than hunting in the dense jungles of the East. A skillful horseman generally manages to elude the charge of the most ferocious bull, and to bring him down with a well-aimed shot, when these formidable guardians of the buffalo herd show fight. Still, there is enough of the element of danger to season the sport and put every hunter on his mettle. Mr. Cary's spirited illustration on this page will give our readers a truthful idea of one of these exciting incidents of buffalo-hunting on the plains.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HERD—BUFFALO BULLS CHARGING HUNTERS.

PERSONAL.

A STATUE has recently been erected to WEDGWOOD in England. At the unveiling a letter was read from Mr. GLADSTONE, in which the Premier refers to WEDGWOOD as "that remarkable person whom observation and reflection lead me to regard as perhaps the most distinguished individual in the whole history of commerce, taken from the earliest ages." WEDGWOOD was a great and good Briton. At an early age—this was a hundred and twenty years ago—he began improvements in pottery, and was the first to adopt a bell for assembling and dismissing the workmen—a circumstance which procured for his factory the surname of the "Bell" works. His efforts were directed to the production of a new species of ware superior to that in ordinary use; and he was successful in producing a cream-colored porcelain, which was called "queen's-ware," from the patronage extended to it by Queen CHARLOTTE. For the tasteless forms which had hitherto characterized British ceramic art he substituted graceful imitations of the antique, and ornamented his porcelain with designs by FLAXMAN. His labors were rewarded by a magnificent fortune. He was eminent also as a natural philosopher, was a patron of merit, and distributed his private benevolence with princely liberality.

—The HOWELLSES have a beautiful residence in Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, standing in a grove of maples, and the grounds beautifully laid out. From this spot emanated WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and ANNIE C. HOWELLS, who until recently has been literary editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and is soon to assume a similar position on the St. Louis *Globe*. Mr. WILLIAM C. HOWELLS, the father of this interesting family, has been an editor all his life: in Wheeling, Virginia, in early life; in Hamilton, Ohio; in Columbus; and for twenty years in Jefferson, the editor of the Ashtabula *Sentinel*, which he removed from the town of Ashtabula to the county seat of Jefferson when he first took charge of it. The finest business edifice in the town is the Ashtabula *Sentinel* building and bookstore connected with it. In his large business, successfully established, Mr. HOWELLS has associated with him his sons JOSEPH and SAMUEL, both gentlemen of culture.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, at the opening of the Concord Public Library, a few days since, said, "The book, as a companion, is always at your service, always willing, and always pliable. You meet with men of service, good thinkers, good speakers, and you do not know how to draw them out; but a book opens to your wish, and shuts when you desire—something which your professor might not do."

—Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, author of *Ginx's Baby*, has appeared on the lecture platform in Boston, and met the exacting criticism of that people. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Senator SUMNER, and other solid and distinguished men of Boston were on the stage, Mr. SUMNER introducing the speaker as "an author who by his remarkable pen had drawn attention to the poor and lowly, awakening a wide-spread spirit of sympathy, and helping on the reign of justice on earth, so that already, although young in years, he is renowned as a public benefactor." Mr. JENKINS is thirty-four years old, slender in build, has a fair English face, partially covered with whiskers, and clear, bright blue eyes, but nothing special in his appearance to impel one to select him in a crowd as a man worthy of special notice. His manner of speaking has less of the English peculiarities than lecturers from across the water are wont to bring, and he was absolutely without the national rising inflection at the close of a sentence. His voice is smooth and pleasing, his manner earnest and convincing, and he gives the listener the impression of a man who had found out for himself the truth of what he is saying, and, in short, of one in earnest and with a purpose. He was born in India, and received his education in Montreal. He subsequently graduated from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward in London, where he was admitted to the bar in 1864. He early became a member of the Reform Club, and was a candidate for Parliament before he appeared as an author. He wrote *Ginx's Baby* in 1870, and subsequently *The Coolie*, *Lord Bantam*, and *Little Hodge*, all of which have been republished in this country. He is a son of Rev. Dr. JENKINS, an incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Montreal.

—Among the piquant Yankee letter-writers who are sending home quaint things from abroad, DONN PIATT, of the Washington *Capital*, is one of the piquantest. In a recent epistle to his paper he says of Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY: "He is, as of old, an indefatigable worker. He told us that every hour was mortgaged for years in advance. Even our interview was shortened by an appointment to lecture to his little congregation in the Lord, but out of Christ, some miles away from his dwelling. He has such, and preaches them nebulous revelations of scientific theology, and the congregation in return sing hymns from WALT WHITMAN, WHITTIER, and other pagan poets. We hope they like it; we hope they are happy."

—Not long since HENRY WARD BEECHER was requested to lecture for the benefit of the Canterbury Educational Association, and was informed that if he would come he might calculate that Canterbury would nominate him as General GRANT'S successor. Mr. BEECHER replied: "I shall not be able to comply with your kind request, even in view of your tempting offer. If I live until I am nominated for President, I shall be so old that METHUSELAH will be regarded as a young man."

—The late Admiral JOHN A. WINSLOW was indebted for his appointment as a midshipman in the navy to DANIEL WEBSTER.

—ROBERT BROWNING, the poet, is a short, dapper little man, with a tendency to fatness. He would look well as captain of an Atlantic liner, pacing the deck with quick, jerky steps; nor would he look out of place as a respectable shop-walker at STEWART'S.

—It is not often that a professional man has the opportunity or feels equal to the effort of returning two fees of $5000 each in the course of the same year. It is understood, however, that this has occurred with Sir HENRY THOMPSON this year. The first occasion was in connection with the illness of the Emperor NAPOLEON III., when Sir HENRY, in the most delicate and kindly manner, returned half of his fee of 2000 guineas; and the second is an instance yet more highly honorable to professional delicacy. Called to the bedside of a wealthy friend in the Highlands, near whose shooting-lodge he was passing his vacation, he spent nine days in unremitting attendance. At the end a check for 1000 guineas was handed to him, but was firmly declined, on the ground that the attendance was given to a friend and during a holiday.

—The New York *Times* says: "If ANDREW JOHNSON visits Washington he will break a long-continued precedent, official etiquette having been understood to demand that an ex-President should not return to the capital as a citizen or outside politician after the inauguration of his successor." This is quite erroneous. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS retired from the Presidential chair on the 4th of March, 1829, and in the following year was elected to Congress, taking his seat in December, 1831. He continued to represent his native district in that body for seventeen years, and surpassed nearly all the members in close application to business and endurance. On the 21st February, 1848, while in his seat in the Capitol, he was struck with paralysis, and died two days afterward, his last words being, "This is the last of earth! I am content!" President JOHN ADAMS lived to see his son inaugurated President, and, by a singular coincidence, he and THOMAS JEFFERSON both died on the Fourth of July, 1826. Ex-President TYLER was in Washington in January, 1861, as a delegate from Virginia to the Peace Congress.

—Colonel FORNEY'S *Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Public Men* has met with a demand quite unexpected and unprecedented—larger, indeed, than has ever been accorded to any similar work in the United States. The first edition has been entirely exhausted, and a second is in press. Colonel FORNEY is now engaged on a second series, and judging from the few numbers that have appeared in *The Press*, they will be quite equal in interest to the first.

—Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, now commonly written with one capital letter, is said to have been so named in honor of the celebrated JOHN WILKES and Colonel BARRE, both members of the British Parliament, and both of whom took a decided part in favor of America against the measures of the British ministry.

—JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, it is said, contemplates making New York his future residence, and devoting himself to the practice of the law.

—TAMBERLIK, whose musical success here has been complete, is not only one of the finest tenors living, combining lyric and dramatic power, but is a good landscape painter, very imaginative and poetical, and, above all, a gentleman by birth and association. In the higher dramatic operas he is said to be unequaled.

—Certain prelates of the English Church can scarcely be said to be exempted from the terrors of the poor-house. For instance, the Archbishop of Canterbury, though entitled to a life occupancy of the archiepiscopal palace as a residence, is stinted for the personal expenses of himself, Mrs. Canterbury, and family, to the paltry sum of $75,000 per annum. The Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London are entitled to still greater sympathy, each being obliged to put up with a paltry $50,000, while the poor Bishop of Durham gets only $40,000, and the Bishop of Winchester has in the most shameless manner been compelled to rough it on a miserable $35,000 a year.

—Dr. RUPPANER, of this city, a commissioner of the Vienna Exhibition, was lately presented in Paris with a rare medical work printed at Obernzell, in 1605, on the first printing-press that belonged to GUTENBERG.

—Now to think of all this! Miss LUCY NOWELL was born in Alfred, Maine, on the Fourth of July, 1776, the very day and near the very hour of the passage of the Declaration of Independence. When eight years of age she united with the Alfred Shakers, and has since lived with them. When eighty-four years of age she wove thirty-four yards of cloth, and at ninety-six knit ten pairs of mittens. She has never been in a rail-road car, and is in excellent health. If she lives until 1876 a PULLMAN palace car will be dispatched to her native town to transport her to Boston. From thence she will be carried direct to the Quaker City, where her presence will be one of the features of the grand Centennial.

—Mr. JAMES SMITH, of Philadelphia, has given $15,000 to Leicester Academy, in Massachusetts, as a supplement to a previous gift of $10,000. Other friends have given $15,000, and propose to give $10,000 more as a memorial fund in honor of the Rev. Dr. NELSON, for thirty years president of the board of trustees.

—Dr. NELATON, whose decease and prominent professional exploits have been generally noticed by the press, was the man who found the bullet in GARIBALDI'S foot and extracted it after the other surgeons had given it up.

—The Rev. ANDREW HERRON, who recently died in Cedarville, Ohio, at the advanced age of eighty-five, was the oldest minister in the United Presbyterian Church. The good old pastor had become blind and deaf.

—As a testamentary gem we have seen nothing better than the following, from the will of a defunct Virginian:

"I will to my nephew, JAMES MADISON M——, every thing I may have after my just debts are paid, with condition that after I am buried he is to have a marble head and foot stone put to my grave, to be seven feet long and four inches thick. I want the following inscription cut upon both ends of each slab: 'HENRY M——, born December 16, 1805; died ——. He was a great turkey hunter, and a tolerably good fiddler. He desired the above to be placed on this slab. Peace be to his ashes.'"

—Mr. YOUNG, of the Statistical Bureau at Washington, who deals in nothing but figures, excepting figures of speech, says that only 18,000 Americans went to Europe this year, and our foreign obligations, all told, are only $1,000,000,000.

—Notwithstanding the mazes, involutions, complicated connections, and allusions of DE QUINCEY, apparently indicating great deliberation in composition, he was really one of the most off-hand of writers. When the mood of composition came, he sat down at once, scrawled with great rapidity in his shaky handwriting, page after page, without taking the trouble to erase; threw the written sheets over his shoulder one by one, and having "wreaked himself upon expression," and gotten rid of ideas, went back to his decanter of laudanum entirely oblivious and equally careless of the litter upon the floor. That litter was picked up, assorted, and sent to Mr. BLACKWOOD, and the author only saw his work again when it was in print. It is all collected now in volumes—this hasty scrawling of a great genius—and the world reads it with avidity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE meetings of the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance have been attended with an extraordinary public interest. Two and three sessions have been held simultaneously, in the Association Hall and the churches adjacent, at which large crowds have been present. The foreign delegates were welcomed by Dr. ADAMS in an address of great beauty, to which appropriate responses were made. Dr. WOOLSEY, of New Haven, was elected President. On Sunday evening, October 5, both the Academy of Music and Steinway Hall were thronged to hear the speakers announced. One of the most remarkable services of that day was the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in which the pastor, the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, the Dean of Canterbury, the Rev. Dr. ANGUS, of London, and others participated.

Many valuable papers were read in the Conference, all of which will appear in the volume of the proceedings and addresses to be published by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. The address by Professor THEODORE CHRISTLIEB, of the University of Bonn, on the "Best Methods of Counteracting Modern Infidelity," was repeated, in answer to a general request, in Dr. ADAMS'S church. The presence of the venerable Dr. DORNER, of the University of Berlin, was heartily welcomed by American Christians. On Wednesday, October 8, a reception was given to the foreign delegates in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER and other representatives of the Brooklyn pulpit. As we write, arrangements are announced for closing services on Sunday evening, October 12, consisting of meetings in the Academy of Music, Steinway Hall, Tammany Hall, and Cooper Institute. The Cooper Institute meeting is to be conducted in the German language.

The letter of the Old Catholic Congress at Constance to the Evangelical Alliance, which was read on Wednesday, October 8, contains an exposition of principles which reveals a wide departure from Romanism. "We wish," say the Old Catholics, "to cleanse the Church from the stains of a depravity which has gradually increased for more than a thousand years. All that Roman domination has created through egotism must be removed. Every institution and custom which has crept in hurtful to true Christian vitality must be cast out; instead of justification by works, the justification by faith; instead of hypocritical bigotry, a pure Christian life must be brought into its belief and conduct; the deterioration of the constitution of the Church into an instrument of the hierarchy and of the Roman Bishop must be prevented by the introduction of the rules which guarantee to the congregations their fullest rights, to the lowest as well as to the highest; in short, a system of discipline must be introduced in which true Christian earnestness and Christian morality united with Christian love constitute the end, not a blind subjection of the individual or of all to the fiat of a class or of a single man. In brief, we wish to reform the Church in such a manner that it shall become a fellowship in love, in belief, and in the works of all who believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and as the Saviour who alone has been and still is our Mediator."

The position of the Old Catholics, though not Protestant, yet approaches Protestantism. Not a few Protestant churches have in Germany been opened to them for religious worship.

Through the exertions of Dr. M'GIRK, a native of Missouri, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has received 800 square miles of land in Venezuela for educational and mission purposes. This land is part of a grant of 240,000 square miles to an English and American trading company, made by the government of Venezuela for the promotion of colonization. The Cumberland Presbyterians have already sent missionaries to the island of Trinidad, near by, and will no doubt occupy this new field.

An American chapel has been opened in the city of Geneva, and the Rev. GIDEON DRAPER, of New York, engaged to serve as pastor. The only Sunday-school in Geneva conducted on the American plan is in connection with this congregation.

The public meetings of the Old Catholic Congress at Constance were great popular demonstrations. The second, held on a Sunday afternoon in the Council Hall of Constance, was attended by 4000 persons. The topic of the address of Bishop REINKENS was *The Bible*. He said, "*For the Old Catholics who intrust themselves to my episcopal direction, there exists no prohibition of Bible-reading.*" The address concludes with these words: "I say to all, draw near to the fountain of truth, and study the Bible. In it we hear the Bridegroom's voice, and we, the Bride of the Lord, rejoice. 'Consider that as the flower bends toward the light, and never can unfold its color and beauty unless it turns to the light of the sun, so also the Christian soul can never show forth the full beauty and glory of its Divine image unless it ever turns itself again and again to this Divine light of the Gospel, by whose rays its splendor is illumined.' Do not read the Scripture pruriently, to find out things which are not revealed; do not read it presumptuously, to explain things not given to man to know; not controversially, in order to refute other people, but in order to commune with God. 'Ever do I love to read in that dear and holy book:' this should come from the heart of every Christian."

Dr. VÖLK, a member of the Bavarian Parliament, concluded his address with the following beautiful simile: "If on a calm summer's evening you sail across the Lake of Constance, you will hear as you approach the opposite shore the bells of Lindau ringing their vesper peal. There will be a harmonious melody pouring on your ears: you can not distinguish between bell and bell, for all are ringing praise. Yet Catholic and Protestant bells are alike pealing, and you can not say this is Catholic melody or that Protestant. So be it with our Old Catholic movement. Let us in the spirit of love so draw near one to the other that at the last Catholic and Protestant may be able to unite in one concordant harmony of divine thanksgiving." It was during this speaker's address that M. DE PRESSENSÉ and Father HYACINTHE rose and left the room. Dr. VÖLK was at the moment inveighing against French intrigue. Suitable explanation was subsequently made by the President, VON SCHULTE.

The report of a German paper, noticed in this intelligence, that the Archbishop of Posen had made his submission to the German government, is not confirmed. The London *Tablet* states that "the nine actions against him are still pending; and to an attempt made on behalf of the government to induce him to withdraw his nomination of the parish priest of Filehne, Monseigneur LEDOCHOWSKI has replied that if it is thought that the bishops are exceeding their powers in treating such matters as solely within their own competence, the point should be submitted to the head of the Catholic Church, who is the supreme judge, and to whose decision the bishops will cheerfully bow. The Ministry of Public Worship is said to contemplate his expulsion, but the whole of the clergy of his diocese have come forward, with one exception, to profess their resolution to stand by him to the end, 'usque ad finem.'"

The famous Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome has been brought under the operation of the new ecclesiastical laws of Italy. Its subsidiary colleges, five or six in number, have been decided to be conventual, and have been suppressed. The remaining property is subjected to the tax "mortmain," and to the tax on movable property.

The *English Churchman* presents the following account of the names and ages of the English bishops, which will be very useful at the present time, when they are made the subjects of such frequent comment by the press: "The father of the bench, alike in age and in consecration, is Dr. THIRLWALL, of St. David's, who was born in 1797, Dr. OLLIVANT, of Llandaff, standing next, in 1798. Then follow Dr. DURNFORD, of Chichester, in 1802; Dr. MOBERLEY, of Salisbury, in 1803; Dr. JACOBSON, of Chester, and Dr. POWYS, of Sodor and Man, in 1805; Dr. BARING, of Durham, Dr. WORDSWORTH, of Lincoln, Dr. PHILPOTT, of Worcester, and Dr. HUGHES, of St. Asaph, in 1807; Lord HERVEY, of Bath and Wells, and Dr. CLAUGHTON, of Rochester, in 1808; Dr. SELWYN, of Lichfield, in 1809; Dr. TAIT, of Canterbury, Dr. JACKSON, of London, Dr. BROWNE, of Winchester, and Dr. PELHAM, of Norwich, in 1811; Dr. BICKERSTETH, of Ripon, in 1816; Dr. ATLAY, of Hereford, in 1817; Dr. GOODWIN, of Carlisle, and Dr. FRASER, of Manchester, in 1818; Dr. THOMSON, of York, and Dr. ELLICOTT, of Gloucester and Bristol, in 1819; Dr. MACKARNESS, of Oxford, in 1820; and Dr. TEMPLE, of Exeter, and Dr. MAGEE, of Peterborough, in 1821. Dr. THIRLWALL was consecrated in 1840. Dr. SELWYN, of Lichfield, was appointed to the colonial episcopate in 1841. Dr. OLLIVANT was consecrated in 1849. But with these exceptions the consecration of all the bishops has been subsequent to 1853, when Dr. JACKSON was appointed to the see of Lincoln. Dr. POWYS was consecrated in 1854. Dr. TAIT and Dr. BARING were consecrated in 1856 to the sees of London and Gloucester and Bristol respectively, both prelates having since been translated. Dr. PELHAM and Dr. BICKERSTETH were consecrated in the following year, and Dr. CAMPBELL, of Bangor, in 1859. All the remaining bishops have been appointed since the year 1860."

The thronging of pilgrims to the sacred shrines in France knows no abatement. More than 50,000 have passed through Paris. Between 30,000 and 40,000 persons are said to have flocked to Notre Dame d'Espérance, at St. Brieuc, and pilgrims are still resorting to the celebrated grotto of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Recently three deputies and two prefects were present at a ceremony during which the Patriarch of India bestowed his benediction upon those present. The *Univers*, an ultramontane journal, says: "Let France have a Catholic king—a wise, prudent, patient, and convinced monarch—such as the Divine mercy reserves for her, and there will be no more obscurity in European politics! To wait will be requisite for him; but on the day that the impatient rage of our enemies shall have transformed him in the face of the world into the soldier of Christ, let the revolution invoked by CASTELAR and directed by BISMARCK count its legions. The armies commanded by the pagans will disappear as if by enchantment, and it will be almost without striking a blow that Christ shall reign, shall conquer, shall command."

The American pilgrimage of which we have already made mention is taking shape. The *Catholic Review* claims that there is a deep, wide-spread feeling in favor of it as an act of faith. The pilgrims would undoubtedly go to Rome, as well as Paray-le-Monial. The total expense of the trip, including a visit to the Holy Land, is estimated at $600 a head.

The religious pilgrims in France do not find all their countrymen in accord with them. Recently at Dunkirk a party of them began singing the well-known lines,

"Sauvez Rome et la France
Au nom du Sacré Cœur."

"This," says an English paper, "annoyed the crowd, who struck up the *Marseillaise*. Both parties sang their respective hymns till they reached the railway station, but the voices of the pilgrims being drowned by their rivals, a fat priest got out of temper, and shouted, '*Vive* CHAMBORD! *vive* HENRI V.!' The mob replied by crying, '*Vive* THIERS! *vive la Republique!*' A fight would probably have ensued but for the timely appearance of a few gens-d'armes."

The recent purchase by the extreme ritualists of the Anglican Church of a church living in Liverpool has called attention again to this scandalous traffic. It is stated that in a single copy of an English monthly church paper one hundred livings were advertised for sale. The amount paid for the presentation to the Liverpool parish was £10,000.

Father HYACINTHE has written a letter to the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance in this city. After expressing his regret that he is not able to attend the Conference, he says: "For a long time already I have counted friends among your ranks; indeed, I can call you all by that name, for, united by faith in the same Christ, the

only Son of God, and the Redeemer of men, you are laboring to bring together, on a common ground, the different Christian confessions, which have been so sadly and, until now, so irremediably separated. My ambition, I confess, is still higher. Where you are satisfied with an Alliance, I would desire an organic and vital unity. I believe this unity to lie in the future destinies of the Christian Church, because I discover it in its primitive traditions, and, above all, it is in the will of its Divine Founder. If, like that weakened church of the Apocalypse, all Christianity were not fallen from its first love, it would not be so difficult for it to realize, or even, alas, to conceive, the joyous mystery of its unity."

This is certainly cordial, even though the ideal presented be unattainable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE experiment, so successfully initiated by Mr. CHARLES G. ATKINS, of Bucksport, Maine, for securing the eggs of salmon has been repeated, with equal promise of success, by Mr. LIVINGSTON STONE in California. In order to obviate the difficulty which usually attaches to the collection of spawn from salmon actually engaged in the process of depositing it, Mr. ATKINS conceived the idea of getting the fish whenever they made their appearance in the rivers, and of penning them up until the proper season arrived. In 1872 he secured over five hundred fish, and retained them until he had gathered their spawn, and at the present time he has from six to seven hundred awaiting the period of maturing their eggs and milt.

The labors of Mr. STONE were somewhat interfered with in 1872 by the impossibility of learning the facts in relation to the precise period of the spawning of the Sacramento fish. With the experience then gained, however, he has been able to arrange his plans for the present season to better advantage; and, under date of August 18, he had penned up four hundred large salmon, from which he calculates on securing a million of eggs. The number of fish procurable is practically unlimited; but a million of eggs will probably be as many as he can satisfactorily manage with his present facilities.

His station is on the M'Cloud River, a tributary of the Pitt, belonging to the waters of the Upper Sacramento, and situated not far from Mount Shasta, in a region abounding in natural beauties. He is now trying the experiment of using the waters of the M'Cloud River itself in bringing forward the eggs, instead of depending, as heretofore, upon the limited supply furnished by springs.

The Philadelphia papers announce the death, on the 15th of August last, of Mr. ELIAS DURAND, at the age of eighty. This gentleman was well known as an accomplished botanist, and as having been half a century a member, and one of the habitués, of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. A druggist by profession, he acquired a competence some years ago, and retired from business, devoting himself almost exclusively to his favorite study. He some time since presented to the Jardin des Plantes of Paris a collection of American plants, to which a special case has been assigned, and by his will he left the collection gathered subsequent to that date to the same institution. His botanical works were presented to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, to be placed in the botanical room for the use of the workers.

Further details in regard to the unhappy fate of the Norwegian whalers caught in the ice near Spitzbergen in September, 1872, tend to show that the captain and the cook died under a tent near the vessel, and that they were probably on their way to Mossel Bay, distant only twenty miles, where the Swedish North Polar Expedition had its head-quarters. The other seventeen men appear to have started, on the 7th of October, in a southerly direction toward the Ice Fiord, where a comfortable house had been erected the previous summer for the intended Swedish colony, and where a large store of provisions and coals had been left. They reached there in two boats, after great fatigue, October 14. A journal of their movements, which was kept from the 7th of October to the 19th of April, was found with the seventeen corpses by Captain MACK. The disease to which they succumbed was scurvy, and was the result of their own ignorance of sanitary precautions, since, instead of making use of the comforts of the house, and distributing themselves over the different rooms, they huddled together in one room, and remained in a state of the utmost filth, making use of no bodily exertion for the purpose of relieving the depressing influence of the four month's darkness: this, it must be remembered, with an abundance of provisions and an ample supply of fuel. On the other hand, the Swedish expedition, only a few miles distant, consisting of sixty-eight persons, lost but a single man, and that of consumption, the methods employed by the officers to keep up a spirit of enjoyment having the most satisfactory result.

An interesting experiment has lately been made in Scotland, under the auspices of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science, in the way of acclimatizing sundry species of land shells, about seven thousand living specimens of *Helix virgata*, *Helix pisana*, and *Bulimus acutus* having been turned out during the summer of 1872.

The Sixth Annual Report, by Professor F. V. HAYDEN, of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, has just been published by the government office, and embraces a statement of the progress of explorations in 1872 in portions of Idaho, Montana, and Utah, and constitutes a volume of 871 pages, containing twelve lithographic maps and a number of wood-cuts. Part First embraces the reports upon the physical features of the country, by Professor HAYDEN, M. P. LANGFORD, Dr. PEALE, F. H. BRADLEY, and CYRUS THOMAS, the last section having reference to the physical geography and agricultural resources of Minnesota, Dakota, and Nebraska; Part Second contains articles on paleontology and geology, by LESQUEREUX, MEEK, HAYDEN, and THOMAS; Part Third is devoted to zoology and botany; and Part Fourth to astronomical observations and altitudes. The whole work is of the most substantial and important character, filled with scientific essays and announcements of the highest value.

The death of Sir FRANCIS RONALDS, in his eighty-sixth year, at Battle, in Sussex, is announced in *Nature*, which informs us that this gentleman was well known many years ago for his experiments in electricity, and that in 1823 he published a pamphlet containing a plan of an electric telegraph. He caused to be erected in his own garden a number of poles, supporting eight miles of wire, and through this line he sent messages, which were read at the further end by means of two needles moving on a dial-plate. The spark was created by an electrical machine, and not, as at present, by a galvanic battery. His latest work was the preparation of a catalogue of all the published books on electrical science, which is nearly ready for publication.

The Smithsonian Institution has been advised of the shipment, on the part of the Khedive of Egypt, of a fine copy in plaster of the celebrated Tanis Stone. This stone, as it may be remembered, was found some years ago near one of the mouths of the Nile, and contains a long priestly history carved on its three faces, in hieroglyphic, Greek, and Egyptian respectively; the Greek thus furnishing an interpretation to the other two. This answers the same purpose as the Rosetta Stone, in supplying a key for deciphering the ancient Egyptian characters, and is in some respects superior to that, as having a more extensive vocabulary.

A copy of this stone was made some years ago, at the request of Rev. Mr. LANSING, for Monmouth College, Illinois, and was forwarded to the care of the Smithsonian Institution, with authority to make a duplicate. Owing to carelessness in packing or to rough usage, the original cast was broken into a number of pieces, and it was impossible to obtain a very satisfactory reproduction. It is hoped that this second cast may arrive in Washington safely, and be available for making additional casts for other ethnological collections in the United States.

With the Tanis Stone have also been shipped to the Institution over one hundred impressions in paper, or "squeezes," of bass-reliefs taken from various monuments in Egypt, many of which have a very great interest.

Shortly before his death the late Colonel J. W. FOSTER completed the manuscript of a work upon the prehistoric races of the United States, which has just made its appearance from the press of S. C. GRIGGS & Co., of Chicago. This contains an excellent summary of the present state of our knowledge of the aborigines of North America, as illustrated by the remains found in mounds, shell heaps, and ancient mines, as well as by their crania. Beginning, for the first chapter, with a notice of the recent progress of ethnology, and with the evidences of the antiquity of man in Europe, the second chapter is devoted to the proofs of this antiquity in the United States, and the authenticity and value of the remains found in the gold drift of California; and the Calaveras skull, the plummet from San Joaquin Valley, etc., are passed under review.

A chapter is devoted to a notice of the mound builders and the geographical distribution of their work, and another to the shell heaps of the coast, followed by one on the general nature of the mounds and their inclosures, and the arts and manufactures as shown by these remains. The chapter on ancient mining by the mound builders is very interesting, the author having himself prosecuted very extensive investigations on the subject during his connection with the surveys in the Lake Superior region. The special characteristics of the mining of the aboriginal man of America are discussed, and references made to certain peculiar forms of implements noticed by Colonel FOSTER at the late meeting of the American Association at Dubuque.

The inquiry as to the origin of the mound builders is answered by a suggestion that they were derived from the tropics rather than a migration from the Old World, as there is no appreciable difference between the crania of the ancient races in Brazil and Central America and those of North America. The volume concludes by a chapter upon the unity of the human race, and one upon chronometric measurements as applied to the antiquity of man.

The whole work is an excellent compendium of the state of our knowledge of this subject up to a recent period; and however readers may differ from the conclusions of the author, the work is eminently worthy of the study of all interested in the department of ethnology.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CLARA MILLER was the maiden name of the novelist who is better known by her *nom de plume* of Louise Mühlbach, and whose recent death is announced. She was born in 1814, and her first novel published at the age of twenty-two. Her marriage to Theodore Mundt, an author also, was a happy one, and she had two daughters, one of whom has engaged in literary pursuits. Her husband died insane, in 1861. Mrs. Mundt was a true woman in her own home, though her literary activity continued through life.

Considerable excitement was caused at Vienna, not long ago, by the arrest of the men acting as door-keepers and cashiers at the Exposition. Notwithstanding the presence of inspectors, police, and detectives, it has been found that they have fraudulently admitted persons, by which means about one hundred florins a day have been stolen for some time past.

A Chicago "gentleman," who advertises himself as possessing a "religious character" and "fine moral distinctions," desires a boarding-place where "his pious example and exemplary conduct will be appreciated, and be made available as an equivalent for board." Alas for the needful appreciation of such a character!

A work on the history of the Iroquois, to which the famous "Last of the Mohicans" belonged, is about to be published by a daughter of J. Fenimore Cooper.

An ingenious way to develop the polite hypocrisy of society has been devised by a lady who has an orange plant in her parlor which bears neither bud nor blossom, but she has had two full-blown flowers and a half-opened bud of wax placed upon the barren stalk. Her lady callers admire the sweet perfume of the lovely flowers, and the gentlemen remark that the bud has expanded considerably since they saw it last.

A gentleman of wealth, one day, while practicing penmanship, wrote his name upon a blank slip of paper, and allowed it to lie upon his desk. It attracted the attention of a neighbor, who, for a joke, filled the space above the signature in the form of a promissory note, and a few days afterward presented the paper, with an offer to allow considerable discount if the apparent drawer would cash it at that time. The gentleman recognized the joke, and the holder of the document, placing it in his pocket, departed, and nothing more was said about it. Subsequently the holder was suddenly stricken with paralysis and died, and his executors finding the note, and having no knowledge of the joke attached to it, brought suit and recovered the sum—$500—for which it was drawn, thus illustrating the danger of persons carelessly writing their names on blank scraps of paper.

An Alabama newspaper is of the opinion that the shooting of insectivorous birds has cost the State $10,000,000 this year alone in the ravages made by the cotton caterpillar.

The bridal cake for the approaching marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia is to be an enormous structure of six and a half feet high, and weighing about two hundred and thirty pounds. It is to be in six tiers, covered with ornaments of flowers and shells, while depending from an exquisite vase at the summit will be a profusion of orange flowers.

An advertiser in a Parisian journal, who calls himself "a young man with brilliant prospects," desires to marry a young lady of from eighteen to fifty-four years of age, with a good fortune. How very polite!

Every thing was ready—the wedding breakfast, the musicians in the church, the clergyman, the guests—some at the church, and others at the bride's house—the carriages, and the bride herself. But a sudden alarm was raised by the groomsman that the bridegroom could not be found. His wedding suit was in his room, but not the man, nor has he appeared since. This happened in London.

"Old Skinflint" lives—well, somewhere in New York State. The other day he went to town to attend the traveling circus, carrying in his wagon a speckled hen. He hitched his team to a fence, and pulling an old ten-pound sack from under the seat, proceeded to feed the horses. Just before returning he tied one end of the string attached to the hen's leg to the hind wheel of the wagon, and— Well, he had brought along the hen to pick up the last oat left by the horses, that nothing might be lost!

Not even Zimmermann, in his *Pleasures of Solitude*, nor yet Cowper, in the poem, "I am monarch of all I survey," can claim to have developed one point of attraction in Robinson Crusoe's lonely life so fully as has been done by the author of the following lines, part of an ode upon the losses and miseries of umbrella-owners in American cities. The writer must have lately lost a ten-dollar silk.

"R. Crusoe on his solitary isle
  Was no doubt lonely, and, it may be, sad;
When he cracked jokes there were none by to smile,
  And none to sympathize when he felt bad;
But yet he had this glorious consolation,
His parachute was free from confiscation.

"He could roam round his island at his will,
  And take his parachute, or leave it home;
He knew that where he left it, it would still
  Remain there until he had ceased to roam.
Thrice happy man; O doubly blessed R. Crusoe!
Who among us in cities dares to do so?"

The writer of the above was particularly aggrieved that it was wet weather when he was bereaved of his umbrella. He says:

"Oh, why not take it on some pleasant day,
  When in the zenith Sol was shining brightly?
At such a time I would not say him nay,
  Not missing it, its loss would grieve me slightly.
As W. Shakspeare said, in language terse,
'Who's robbed, not knowing it, is nothing worse.'"

Fish, as an important article of diet, is becoming more and more appreciated. It is believed that the use of fish with one meal each day would contribute essentially to the activity of the intellect, and render one more capable of brain labor without fatigue or exhaustion. By chemical analysis it is found that fish contains a greater proportion of phosphorus than any other class of animal food; and this element generally varies according to the habits of the fish, those of the most rapid movement containing the greatest proportion of phosphorus. Hence it is that salmon and trout are most highly prized, and command the highest prices in our markets. Articles containing a large proportion of phosphorus are considered the richest "brain food," but in land animals this element is chiefly found in the bones, combined with lime.

Thackeray once being asked to write in a young lady's album, found on looking over the book the following lines:

"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains—
  They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
  Nobody seems to know.
—ALBERT SMITH."

Underneath these lines he wrote this humble suggestion:

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry:
  To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
  Instead of "who," had written *whom*.
—W. M. THACKERAY."

Silk under-garments are recommended by a French newspaper as an absolute protection against cholera, and it suggests that a fabric be made cheap enough to come within the means of every person.

The query is often made, "Where do the pins go to?" A similar inquiry might be appropriate in reference to needles. A lady in Rochester wanted some needles the other day, but it rained, so that it was not easy for her to go out. She therefore commenced an investigation of her pincushions. A couple of pairs of cushions yielded 447 needles!

In Spain and Portugal the onion forms one of the almost universal articles of diet. It is interesting to know that in addition to the peculiar flavor which recommends this vegetable, it is remarkably nutritious, ranking with the grains in regard to the quantity of gluten it contains. As the English laborer has found by long experience that a bit of cheese with his bread helps sustain his strength, so the Spaniard adds to his crust of bread an onion.

The Albert-type process of photographic printing was invented and perfected by Mr. Joseph Albert, of Munich, and has been patented in America. The process is simple. The ordinary photographic negative is first taken, and then a plate prepared of sensitized gelatine. This is rendered insoluble and weather-proof on one side by partial exposure to the light, the other being kept sensitive for the reception of the picture, which is transferred to it by exposure of the negative upon the gelatine. A positive picture is thus produced on the gelatine film, which has been rendered insoluble in the light parts, and thus sufficiently receptive of ink. It is treated by the lithographic press as any drawing would be, and the cost of making the plates is very small. Several may be prepared from one negative, so that a number of presses may be employed upon one work. It is stated that the inventor has recently succeeded in printing on a steam press at the rate of 2500 impressions daily; but although the process is very rapid, the ordinary rate is much less. The Albert-type process professes to give the artist's work absolutely perfect in detail.

Among sundry "Maxims of Garrison Life," in a volume now in press, which is designed especially for soldiers, we observe many points worthy of attention from every one, in whatever position he may be placed. For example:

Be sure not to overrate your abilities, but remember that your superior may at any time stand at your elbow.

Do not distrust others without a most just reason.

If you are married, respect no one socially who has not been duly courteous to your family.

Be decided, kind, and polite in all your official and private relations.

Live within your income, and be just in all your dealings.

Be faithful to your friends, and cautious with your enemies.

Never allow yourself to be led into the bad habit of grumbling or fault-finding, but be pleasant, agreeable, and cheerful in all your duties.

Be careful, active, vigilant, and considerate in the execution of all your duties; and above all, be just to your inferiors.

If all persons, soldiers included, followed these "maxims," the troubles of life would grow beautifully less.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy, "What would you do if a man was blown up by powder?" "Wait till he came down," he coolly replied. "True," replied Abernethy; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down immediately." The candidate received his diploma.

An elderly millionaire, being pestered with all manner of applications for money, says, "I was good-natured once, but I beg to state in the most positive terms that I am now old, tired, very ill-natured, and want that fact generally known."

HOW TO MAKE A SLOW HORSE FAST—Don't feed him.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden?—His foot.

"Loss of a China packet-ship!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "No wonder, when iron ones aren't always safe."

OLD SCOTCH LADY. "Take a snuff, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN (*with large nasal promontory, indignantly*). "Do I look like a snuffer?"

OLD LADY. "Well, I canna jist say ye do, though I maun say ye hae grend accommodation."

POT LUCK—Collecting old china.

The women take a lively interest in the farmers' movement. They are naturally patrons of husbandry.

"Have you heard my last speech?" asked a haranguer of a wit. "I sincerely hope so," was the reply.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

A gentleman in the cab line on the arrival of a party of Quakers at the terminus spotted them, and thought to do a neat and tactful thing, so he said to the eldest broadbrim, "Will thee have a carriage?" Of course the delighted party hired the cab. "Has thou thou's luggage?" he next inquired. They all got out again.

"How does that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall Street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on your soap."

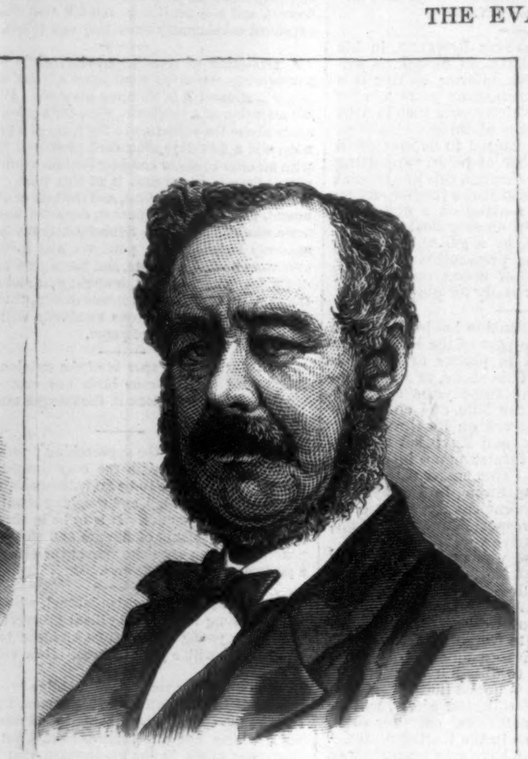
The fondness of the Scotch for metaphysics was never more happily hit than by the story Sydney Smith tells of his hearing a young lady at a ball, in the midst of a momentary lull in the music, saying to her gallant, "That may be true, my lord, of love in the *abstract*—" And here the fiddling began again, and he heard no more.

WAITER OF THE PERIOD.

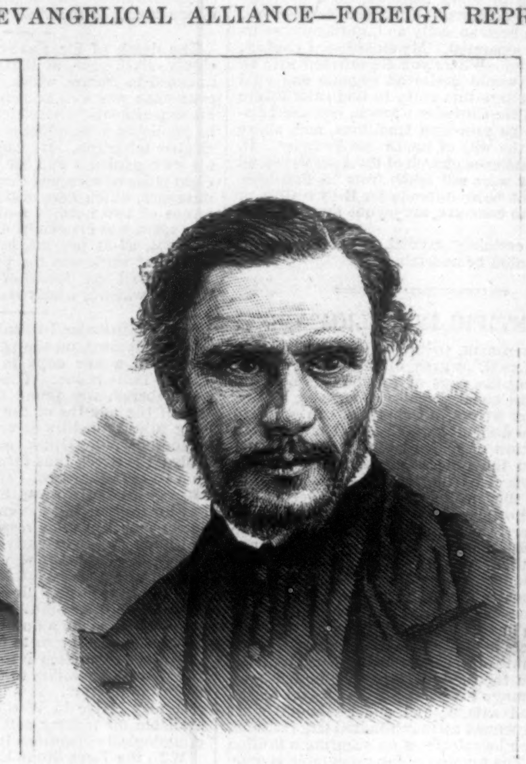
"BE AS EXPEDITIOUS AS POSSIBLE, SAH, WITH YOUR ORDER!"

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.—ENGRAV

THE VERY REV. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D.,
DEAN OF CANTERBURY.



LORD ALFRED CHURCHILL.



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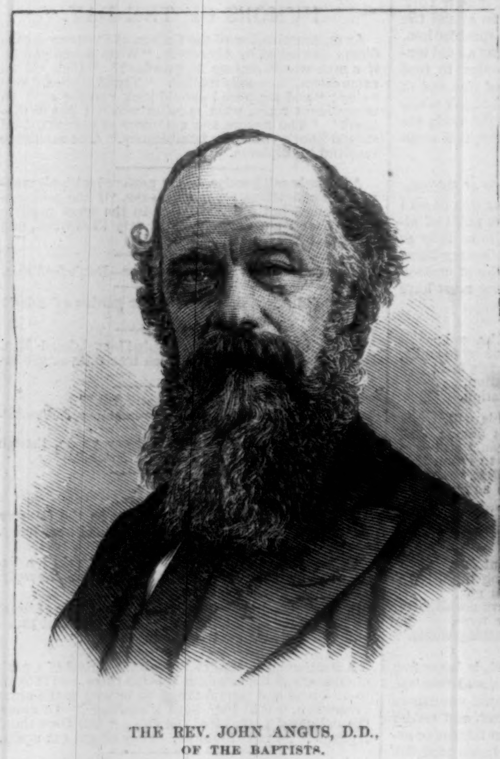

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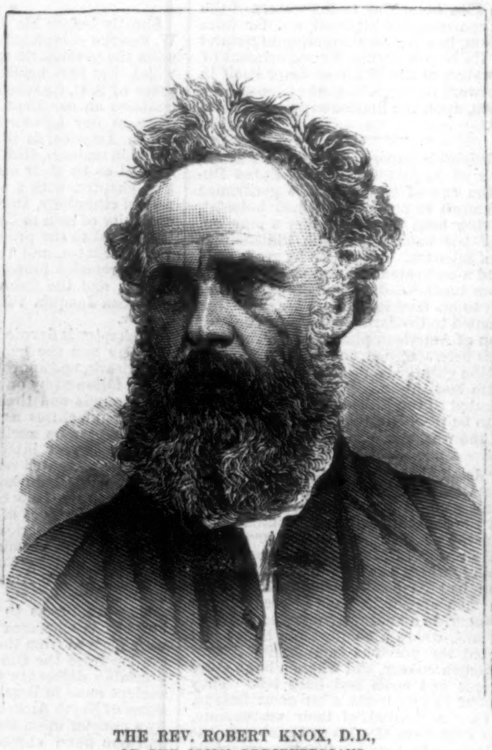

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THE REV. COULIN
OF THE FREE CH OF S

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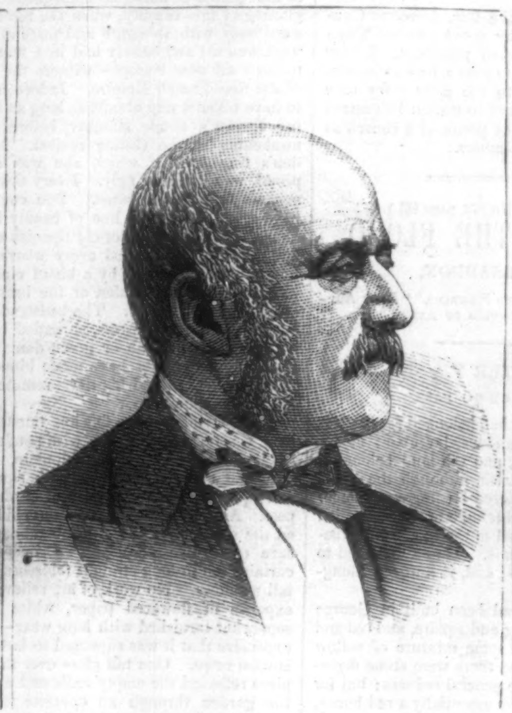

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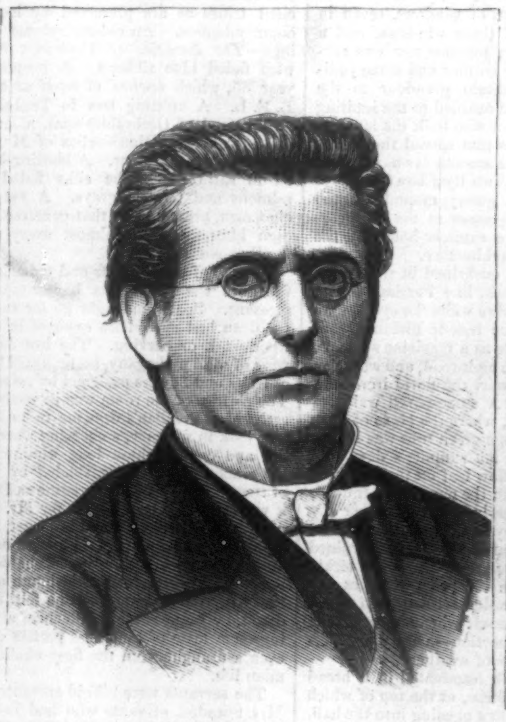
OF THE INDEPENDENTS.

THE REV. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D.,
OF THE WESLEYANS.

I. A. DORNER, D.D.,
NIVERSITY, PRUSSIA.



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OF BOMBAY, INDIA.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

IN our last issue we introduced to our readers some of the representatives of our own branch of the Evangelical Alliance. In the present issue we present on a double page the most distinguished visitors from abroad.

From England we have as the representative of the Anglican communion the Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, a noted theologian and truly liberal-minded divine. Dr. ROBERT PAYNE SMITH was born in the county of Gloucester, England, in November, 1818, was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1841, and obtained the Boden (Sanskrit) and the Pusey and Ellerton (Hebrew) University scholarships. He was ordained for the Church, and rapidly rose to positions of prominence. In 1865 he was called to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford University, and in January, 1871, he was promoted to the distinguished and responsible position which he now holds, as successor to the celebrated Dr. ALFORD. Dean SMITH has published numerous works, and is distinguished as one of Britain's greatest Orientalists.

Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL, brother of the Duke of Marlborough, was born in 1824, and was educated at the Sandhurst Military College. His lordship served in the army from 1842 to 1848, and sat in the House of Commons as member for Woodstock from 1845 to 1847, and again from 1859 to 1865. He was chairman of the African Aid Society, which proposed the establishment of free colonies of American negroes on the coast of Africa. In consequence of our civil war the scheme was abandoned, and has never been revived.

Another distinguished visitor from England is the Rev. Professor STANLEY LEATHES. He was born March 21, 1830, at Ellesborough, England, and was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, was ordained in 1856, and became curate successively of St. Martin's, Salisbury, St. Luke's, Berwick Street, and St. James's, Westminster. In 1863 he succeeded Dr. M'CAUL as Professor of Hebrew in King's College, London. He was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury Boyle Lecturer in 1867, and held this office until 1870. He became minister of St. Philip's in 1869, and continues in this position. He is also a member of the Old Testament Committee of Bible Revision.

The British Parliament is represented in the Alliance by CHARLES REED, whose father, the Rev. Dr. ANDREW REED, was one of the noblest benefactors of the human race. His mantle seems to have fallen worthily upon his son, who, though a layman, is largely identified with all manner of Christian work. He is president of the Sunday-school Union of England and Wales, vice-chairman of the London School Board, and a leading member and worker in the British branch of the Evangelical Alliance. In Parliament Mr. REED, who is now in his fifty-third year, represents the largest metropolitan constituency in England, and is an independent supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The Rev. JAMES DAVIS is secretary of the British organization of the Evangelical Alliance. He was born June 1, 1812, in the county of Kent, England, and was educated at Cheshunt College, an institution endowed by Lady HUNTINGDON, the noted friend and patron of WHITEFIELD. Immediately after graduation Mr. DAVIS was ordained minister over a congregation in Norfolk, and subsequently was called to London, where he preached for several years. He then removed to Rochester, and during his residence there was invited to become secretary of the British Alliance. This office he has held for the last fifteen years.

The Independents of England are worthily represented by the Rev. WILLIAM STOUGHTON, D.D., one of the most learned of British theologians. He was born at Norwich, England, in 1807, and graduated at Highbury College, London, in 1832. In the year following he was ordained over the Congregational church in Windsor. In 1844 he accepted a call to Kensington as successor to the renowned Dr. VAUGHAN. In 1855 he was elected chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and delivered what is called the "Congregational Lecture," on "The Ages of Christendom." He has traveled extensively in the East. He is prolific as an author. Nearly every year since 1852 he has come before the public with some valuable literary production. His latest and ablest work is his *Ecclesiastical History of England.*

The Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D., one of the most celebrated literati of the Methodists, was born early in 1821, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, was educated at Kingswood School, and entered the ministry in 1845. Though largely identified in labor with those who aimed at measures to define, liberalize, and consolidate English Methodism, Dr. RIGG found time also for numerous contributions to the periodicals of his Church, and for the publication of several valuable works. He is best known in this country by his editorial connection with the *London Quarterly Review.* For the last five years Dr. RIGG has been principal of the Wesleyan Normal College, Westminster, and for some three years a member of the London School Board. He is constantly before the public as an advocate of JOHN STUART MILL'S views on national education, and is rigorously opposed to all government grants and direct interference in churches and schools.

The Baptists of England are ably represented by that truly catholic-minded man, the Rev. JOHN ANGUS, D.D. He was born at Bolam, Northumberland, January 16, 1816, was educated at King's College, Stepney College, and at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1836. Shortly after he became pastor of the Baptist church in New Park Street, Southwark, and while in this position answered Dr. CHALMERS'S views on the question of church establishments. In 1840 he was appointed secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, and in 1849 he was elected president of Stepney College, afterward removed to Regent's Park. Dr. ANGUS has been for several years English examiner in the University of London and the Indian civil service, and is a member of the English Bible Revision Company.

The Free Church of Scotland has favored us with its ablest champion, the Rev. WILLIAM ARNOT, D.D. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1808, was educated at Glasgow College, ordained in 1839, and identified with the movement that resulted in the founding of the Free Church (1843). In 1863 he removed to Edinburgh, and there resides at present. His church is frequently attended by Americans, and they speak highly of his friendship for us.

The Rev. ROBERT KNOX, D.D., one of the shining lights of Protestant Ireland, was born in the county of Tyrone in 1817; was educated at Glasgow College, and after graduation acted as Presbyterian missionary in Southern Ireland; then became pastor in Coleraine, and after a brief stay was called to his present charge at Belfast. Dr. KNOX is assiduous in labors for the union of all Presbyterian bodies, and in behalf of city mission work.

From Germany we have him whom all the world acknowledges the greatest theologian of this age, the Rev. Professor ISAAC AUGUST DORNER, D.D., of Berlin University. He was born in Würtemberg June 20, 1809; was educated at Tübingen, subsequently visited Holland and England, and has since occupied in succession the chairs of divinity at Tübingen (1838), Kiel (1839), Königsberg (1840), Bonn (1849), and Berlin. Dr. DORNER'S most important works are *The History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ,* and a *History of Protestant Theology,* now publishing in an English dress.

In these days of rationalistic extravagance it is quite surprising to find a German the ablest modern apologist of Christianity. Dr. CHRISTLIEB is a native of Würtemberg, and was born in 1833; graduated at Tübingen University in 1855; taught several years in France; then removed to Islington, London, and there organized the first German Union church. During his stay at London he delivered a course of apologetic lectures at Albion Hall, afterward published under the title of *Modern Doubt and Christian Belief.* These lectures made him famous. In 1865 he was called to Friedrichshafen, in his native country, and there labored in the pastorate until 1868, when he went to Bonn as Professor of Theology and University Preacher.

The Rev. W. KRAFFT, D.D., also professor at Bonn, was born at Cologne, on the Rhine, in 1821, and was educated at the universities of Bonn, Berlin, and Erlangen. He traveled for two years in Egypt and Palestine, investigating Biblical antiquities. The important results of his researches are embodied in his *Topography of Jerusalem and Sinai.* In 1849 he was called to Bonn. He is now engaged on a *Church History of the Anglo-Saxon Race.* His intimate relations with Bishop REINKENS and other Old Catholic leaders gave an additional weight to his able paper on *The Vatican Council and the Old Catholic Movement,* read before the Alliance.

The Rev. HERMANN F. A. KRUMMACHER is a member of a family well known among all Christians. His father, the Rev. EMIL KRUMMACHER, is a brother of the world-renowned pulpit orator, FRIEDRICH WILHELM. He was born in 1828 at Langenberg, Prussia, was educated at Halle, and since 1854 has preached at Brandenburg.

The Rev. COHEN STUART, our only Dutch visitor, is a man of rare attainments, and distinguished in the theological world. He was born at Rotterdam in 1824, was educated at the Amsterdam University, and entered the ministry in 1847.

The French people, in whom we Americans are well known to take a lively interest, have sent one of the ablest pleaders, the Rev. GEORGE FISCH, D.D., of Paris. He was born in French Switzerland July 6, 1814, and was educated in the Academy of Lausanne. He has occupied several responsible positions. At Lyons he was the successor of the celebrated French pulpit orator, ADOLPH MONOD. Dr. FISCH is the founder of a French alliance which started as early as 1844. He is at present colleague of PRESSENSÉ at the Collegiate Church in Paris, and president of the Free Church of France.

Professor FELIX BOVET, a representative of the Swiss Protestants, was born at Neufchatel in 1824, and is now Professor of Exegetical Theology in his alma mater, the college of his native place. He is the author of a life of Count ZINZENDORF, which has been translated into English and Dutch. His *Travels in the Holy Land* (Paris, 1861) was translated into Dutch, Swedish, German, and Italian.

One of Switzerland's greatest pulpit orators, the Rev. Dr. F. COULIN, was born at Geneva November 17, 1828. He was ordained to the ministry in 1852, and after traveling for some time in England, Scotland, and Germany, settled at Genthod, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, where he now resides. He has published numerous works.

From the far East the sixth Conference welcomed the Rev. NARAYAN SHESHADRI, a native minister from Bombay, who was before conversion a Mahratta Brahman. He accepted Christianity while at one of the mission schools studying English with a view for preferment in the government service. After a complete course in theology he was licensed to preach in 1851, in 1854 became a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, and has since been engaged in arduous and successful work among his countrymen.

From Italy we have Signor MATTEO PROCHET, who is president of the Waldensian Missions. He was born in Piedmont, Northern Italy, in 1822, and was ordained a Waldensian minister in 1862.

From Spain we have the Rev. ANTONIO CARRASCO, a Roman Catholic convert to the Protestant cause in the Iberian peninsula. Under the reign of ex-Queen ISABELLA he was imprisoned and condemned to the galleys for nine years because he had dared to preach Protestant doctrines. He is now the pastor of a church at Madrid counting 491 members.

(Continued from No. 874, page 851.)

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

DEAN HOUSE, which had belonged for the last twenty years to the Standens, lay about half a mile from Hedingham, and the land belonging to it was in another parish, although the Standens were always considered Hedingham people. They had their pew in Hedingham church, which had not yet been restored in the modern-mediæval style of open oak seats. They subscribed to all Hedingham charities; and, in a word, belonged to Hedingham.

The house, which had been built in George the First's time, was big and square, and red and imposing. There was some mixture of yellow bricks with the red, and there were stone dressings which relieved the general redness; but for all that Dean House was essentially a red house, and, seen from one of the hills that rose on every side of it—for this part of England is all hill and valley—made a glowing spot of color against the background of greenery.

There were three rows of windows, seven in each row; a centre of three windows, and a wing on each side. The topmost row was surmounted by a handsome cornice and stone pediment, which gave a certain grandeur to the grave solid mansion, and testified to the aspiring mind of the wealthy dean who built the house—planted the three cedars that spread their dark branches above the wide smooth lawn, and laid down the turf of those two long bowling-alleys which terminated in a grassy mound, planted with obelisk-shaped cypresses at the four corners, and crowned by a summer-house of the High Dutch school of architecture.

Dean House was not enshrined in the aristocratic seclusion of a park, like Perriam Place, for instance, whose sombre walls the eye of man only beheld dimly in the remote distance, solitary and unapproachable as a magician's palace. Dean House fronted the high-road, and was open to the public gaze athwart the florid iron-work of a handsome gate. A stone-paved walk led across the front garden, where the blaze of huge scarlet geraniums in huge green tubs was almost painful to behold on a hot summer's day. No one had ever seen a yellow leaf on those geraniums after eight o'clock in the morning. Indeed, one must needs be an early riser to discover any trace of neglect or decay in the gardens of Dean House. The two old gardeners had been trained into abnormal vigilance, and whatever sickly leaf or seeding blossom escaped their eyes was cropped by the stout garden scissors with which Mrs. Standen armed herself when she made her morning round of inspection—a duty she performed daily, regardless of weather.

The stone-paved walk terminated in a broad flight of shallow stone steps, at the top of which there were half-glass doors opening into the hall. This was a spacious apartment, half hall, half billiard-room, or summer parlor, commanding a fine view of the flower garden and bowling-alley, with the High Dutch pavilion at the end thereof. The lawn with the cedars was at one end of the house, facing the five long windows of the drawing-room. The dean had taken care that his house should be agreeable to look at on every side. There were no ugly bits, no ungainly outbuildings. Even the kitchen wing was a handsome piece of masonry, looking out upon a wide court-yard, and facing the stables, a long low range of buildings in the same style as the house.

The billiard-table was a relic of the late Mr. Standen. Mrs. Standen would never have consented to buy such a thing, even for a beloved only son. Indeed, she could not quite conquer the idea that the game of billiards was sinful. But the best men have their weaknesses, and Mr. Standen, the banker, had liked billiards. His untimely death—he had died at fifty-five years of age, and just seven years after his marriage—made the billiard-table sacred. His widow would not bring herself to part with any thing that had belonged to him, or even to put it away ignominiously in an empty coach-house. So there the billiard-table remained, and Edmund Standen played on it under the same hanging carcel lamp that had lighted his father. He would have taught Esther Rochdale to play, and thus secured an opponent on the premises, but against this his mother put her veto with uncompromising severity. Billiards for a man might be tolerable, if indulged in with moderation. But for a woman—! Only by a shiver of horror did Mrs. Standen conclude the sentence. Esther sighed and obeyed, as she always obeyed her adopted mother. But in her heart of hearts she had a hankering for billiards.

The furniture of Dean House was like the geraniums in the fore-court and the flowers in the flower garden. Dust was a thing unknown, a rickety chair, or a scratch upon the polished tables and sideboards, had never been seen by the visitor's inquiring eye. The furniture was old-fashioned without being antique. It belonged to that period of universal clumsiness, at the beginning of this century, when the minds of men were busy with thoughts and fears about great wars, and art and beauty had in a manner gone to sleep all over Europe—witness the furniture of the first French Empire. Indeed, art seems to have taken a nap almost as long as the Sleeping Beauty's magic slumber, before the great awakening of the Gothic revival. Mrs. Standen's furniture, of which she was somewhat proud, was ineffably ugly. Every thing was in squares or parallelograms. You could hardly have found Hogarth's line of beauty in all the house. The dark hues of old Spanish mahogany and rose-wood prevailed every where, only relieved here and there by a bit of clumsy brass moulding on a chiffonier, or the brass handles of a chest of drawers. The bedsteads were all awe-inspiring four-posters, shrouded by voluminous curtains of drab or green damask, within which a man might have made himself a hermitage, where to end his days, remote from the eye of his fellow-men.

The drawing-room, a fine apartment, forty feet long, was furnished *en suite* with ponderous rose-wood tables, rose-wood chiffoniers, rose-wood sofas flat against the walls, with square backs and square arms, and a general hardness of aspect. A cool-looking, washed-out chintz shrouded the splendor of the crimson tabouret covers, save on festive occasions. Crimson tabouret curtains fell in long straight folds beside the five tall windows. No work of art relieved the vast expanse of flowered paper, white and gold, somewhat tarnished with long wear—a paper so expensive that it was supposed to last for a generation or so. One tall glass over the chimney-piece reflected the empty walls and a glimpse of the garden through an opposite window, two small low glasses over the chiffoniers duplicated the prim rows of Pekin-China cups and saucers, and be-dragoned bowls, and bottle-shaped pots. The rose-wood tables were adorned with such ancient trifles as are preserved by ladies in old country-houses. An oblong volume of engravings—*The Beauties of Tunbridge Wells*—tied with faded blue ribbons. A keepsake of the year '35, which opened of itself at a poem by L. E. L. A knitting box in Tunbridge ware, an inkstand of Derbyshire spar, a letter-weight of Cornish serpentine—relics of Mr. and Mrs. Standen's wedding-tour. A blotting-book worked in satin stitch, the silks faded to palest salmons and faintest grays. A set of Indian chessmen, presented by that generous Anglo-Indian kinsman which almost every respectable family possesses.

In spite of the ugliness and clumsiness of the furniture the room was handsome, and even pleasant. Space and light go for so much, and the dean had spared no expense in the way of wood-work or carving. The low double doors were of solid mahogany, surmounted by garlands of fruits and flowers designed by no mean artist. The cornice of the room was in itself a work of art. Mrs. Standen's drawing-room had a cool, airy look in summer, a cheering warmth in winter, and outside those long windows appeared the smoothest of lawns, shaded by the noblest of trees. Reared in such a home as Dean House, it would have been difficult for Mr. Standen to deny that his lines had been cast in pleasant places. Yet, so perverse is human nature, there were seasons when the irreproachable propriety, the undeviating order of his home almost worried this young man, when he felt, tempted, no doubt, by some Satanic influence, a wild yearning for a taste of some less perfect domesticity, even a draught from the fiery chalice of Bohemian life.

The servants were all old servants, trained by Mrs. Standen, servants who had been with her for twenty years or so, and knew "her ways," and might be relied upon to do the same thing always in precisely the same manner. There was no preliminary skirmishing when Mrs. Standen entertained company. The largest dinner-party could not flutter the serenity of that model household. The parlor-maid knew every shelf in the spacious china closets, where the old Worcester dinner-service, splendid in purple and gold, and the Crown Derby dessert-service were laid out in state, as it were. She knew all about the best diamond-cut glass, knew exactly what her mistress desired: so that Mrs. Standen had no more trouble than if she had been a duchess with an establishment of fifty servants.

To middle age the serenity of such a life is almost enough for content; but youth is apt to revolt against this calm beatitude, and there were moments when Edmund Standen felt that this sleepy, monotonous existence had gone on a little too long. The four years which he spent on the Continent as a student at a German university, and afterward as a wanderer among the famous cities of the world, serving the rich man's apprenticeship to Art and Beauty, made the only break in his life. He looked back at his college days sometimes with a sigh, even now in the glory of his manhood, and thought of those reckless, riotous fellow-students with whom the long nights had passed so swiftly in the wine-shops of Heidelberg, thought of vacation tours in the Black Forest, and the various dissipations of that foreign life of which Mrs. Standen had but the vaguest idea. Had he any right to be dissatisfied with his life when his mother loved him so fondly, when his wishes and his fancies were always considered by her, when the grave, noble face brightened at his coming, come when he would, and the quiet voice was always tender to him? He said himself that he had no right to wish for any wider life than that of Dean House, and that his chief duty only was to be a good son.

This was before that fatal hour in which he

fell in love with Sylvia Carew. He had been wandering about Hedingham one bright April Sunday, and found himself, half an hour before the afternoon service, in the shady old church-yard, where generations of departed Standens had recorded their respectability in substantial middle-class head-stones. It was only of late that the Standens had risen to place and power, as it were, in Hedingham. A couple of generations back they had been simple yeomen or traders. Edmund's grandfather had set up that banking business which had given renown to the name of Standen.

Edmund dawdled about the church-yard this Sunday afternoon, not knowing particularly well what to do with his leisure. He had been strolling about the country in a somewhat vagabond spirit since the close of the morning service, when he ought to have been partaking of that cold luncheon, or early dinner, which marked the Sabbath-day at Dean House. This morning he had felt that the orderly meal, so provokingly exact in its resemblance to all foregoing Sabbath meals, would be a burden greater than he could bear. So he had roamed through hawthorn-scented lanes and water-meadows, and loitered by dusky trout streams, staring at the water, and wishing it were a lawful day, and he were provided with his rod, and sauntered through the slow placid hours, which seemed much more pleasantly spent in this idle commune with nature than at his mother's perfectly appointed board, where he could but repeat the usual Sunday small-talk—talk kept on purpose for the day, as it seemed to Edmund Standen—and stare at the diamond-cut decanters and water-jug, and yawn feebly in the long intervals of silence.

"I should be glad if we regulated our lives a little less by the clock," he thought, as he rose reluctantly from the green bank above the trout stream, where he had stretched himself in delicious rest. "Indeed, sometimes when my mother preaches her little sermon about punctuality, I feel that I could hate the man who invented clocks. How nice it must be to be a savage, with no particular time for getting up or going to bed, or dining, or dressing; only perpetual liberty, and the wild free woods for one's habitation!" He remembered, however, that there was a particular time for the afternoon service, and that he was bound to appear thereat. He had excused himself for preferring this country ramble to attendance at the family meal; but there was no indulgence that would excuse his absence from afternoon service. So in his anxiety to be punctual he made a little more haste than was necessary, and found himself in the old church-yard half an hour too soon. A small side door stood open, and he looked into the church. The quiet gray old Gothic church, with its barbarous whitewashed walls, its rotten remnant of a carved oak screen, its injured columns with faded hatchments stuck against the capitals, its low gallery and clumsy organ and ponderous pulpit, with its monstrous sounding-board; and that delicious sense of coolness and welcome shadow which made the temple almost lovely.

A babble of shrill voices had attracted him to this door, and, looking in, he saw a row of small children in one of the side aisles, and a girl leaning against the door of a pew with a book in her hand, examining them in the Church Catechism.

This was Sylvia Carew. The fair, perfect face surprised him into such admiration as he had never felt for a woman's beauty till this hour. It was like the one picture in a crowded gallery which rivets the wanderer's gaze, and holds him spell-bound after a half-listless admiration of five hundred other pictures; the one melody in all the tangled music of an opera that smites the listener's heart.

He had no excuse for going into the church, he could only stand in the little archway and look at her admiringly, almost reverently, as if he had seen one of the marble angels in Dame Sibyl Perriam's monument in the chancel yonder conjured into life. While he lingered, lost in contemplation of this beautiful picture, the girl looked up, and their eyes met in that first look which was the unfelt presage of destiny. The girl blushed, and then smiled; and, encouraged by that friendly smile, Edmund Standen crossed the threshold.

The catechism was finished. Miss Carew's pupils had stumbled through their answers to those world-known interrogatories more awkwardly and hopelessly than village school-children generally do stumble—for it must be confessed that Miss Carew's class in the Sunday-school was always more backward than other classes; but then, as Sylvia argued, the people who took the other classes were fine ladies, who taught for their own pleasure, and prided themselves on their success as teachers, while she taught those tiresome children only because she was obliged.

"I'm afraid you find your class rather drowsy this warm day," said Mr. Standen, not knowing what else to say.

"They are always stupid and troublesome," answered Sylvia, with a disdainful toss of her pretty head. "I don't think the weather makes much difference. Mary Jane Harris, will you be good enough to stand on the ground instead of on my feet? I brought them in here because the school was so crowded with children and teachers."

"I think a young lady I know teaches in your Sunday-school."

"There are a great many young ladies who teach," answered Sylvia, indifferently; "but I don't know that their teaching does any good."

"The young lady I mean is Miss Rochdale," said Edmund, feeling that he had managed to introduce himself to the young lady in quite a creditable manner. He had no doubt that she was a lady, even in the Hedingham sense of the word. He saw no signs of poverty in that neatly mended white gown which became her so admirably. He only knew that she was lovelier than any living, breathing woman he had ever seen; a reminiscence of the world of pictures, rather than a creature of mortal mould.

"I know Miss Rochdale to speak to," said Sylvia, "but I don't know much of her;" and then, before Edmund Standen could say another word, she murmured a shy good-afternoon, and went away with her little flock, almost as if she had melted from his sight like the memory of that old Italian picture which her perfect face recalled to his mind—a vision of fair tranquil beauty, with golden braided hair and liquid hazel eyes.

This was the beginning of that passion which Mrs. Standen spoke of bitterly as Edmund's infatuation. He discovered before the day was ended that his peerless beauty was the parish school-master's daughter. But the discovery made very little difference in the swift growth of this fatal flame. Before a week was over he knew that he was passionately in love with Sylvia Carew; that earth and heaven wore a new aspect; that henceforth to be happy meant to be with her.

For the dull round of respectable daily life this passion spoiled him utterly. The faultless machinery of domesticity at Dean House became intolerable to him. He could no longer dawdle, with a decent show of contentment, through the long summer evenings, strolling up and down the smooth gravel or close-shaven turf, looking at his mother's geraniums, or pelargoniums, or standard roses, and lingering patiently while she clipped a leaf here, or nipped off an imperfect bud there. Sylvia Carew filled his heart and mind, and he was always longing for their next meeting, always recalling her last words, the fluttering touch of her little hand, the tender upward glance of those divine eyes.

Accident—he called it fortune—favored him. Sylvia and he contrived to meet very often before Hedingham knew of their folly. And in one soft June twilight, reckless of his own future, heedless of any pain this choice might inflict upon the mother who adored him, he asked Sylvia Carew to be his wife.

What answer could she give him but a glad "Yes?" His was the first voice that had ever awakened tenderness in her heart, and village gossip had taught her to consider him the most eligible bachelor in Hedingham.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. STANDEN AND HER SON HAVE A FEW WORDS.

It is half past ten o'clock, and the visitors have departed from Dean House, after what the two Misses Toynbee declare gushingly to have been a most enjoyable evening. It has borne a close resemblance to other enjoyable evenings at Hedingham. There has been a well-ordered dinner, but not a banquet of surprises such as Heliogabalus or Regent Philip of Orleans might have prepared for his guests, since every one at Hedingham knows pretty well the strong points of his neighbor's cook, and could make a shrewd guess as to the contents of the silver *entrée* dishes before the covers are lifted. Then the ladies have taken a little stroll in the twilight to admire the bedding-out plants, have even visited the hot-houses, perhaps at the risk of whitening their festal raiment; while the gentlemen, Edmund Standen, Mr. Toynbee, and Mr. Holmes, the curate, have talked politics—airing respectable conservative opinions—over their claret and coffee. Then they have all met in the big, cool drawing-room for tea and a little music, and they have simpered their approval of songs and mazourkas which they have heard a good many times since Christmas; and then they have parted, delighted with one another, and with a life which can boast such bright spots as these friendly little dinners.

If there is one time more than another that seems to lay itself out, as it were, for a family quarrel, that period is the empty half hour after a dinner-party. The guests are gone, the society mask, worn perhaps unconsciously, but worn all the same, drops off. Feelings that have been held in repression during this interval of artificial existence spring back upon us with strong rebound. The hatches have been battened down over that dark hold where we keep our emotions, but our bad passions thrust them open when society's restraining influence is withdrawn.

Esther Rochdale pleaded fatigue, and said good-night to her adopted mother, as soon as the guests were gone. "Good-night, dear auntie," she said, "and I hope you'll go to bed very soon, for you're looking pale and tired. I'm afraid the sun to-day was too much for you."

It had been agreed long ago that Esther should call her protectress "Auntie." In all things had Mrs. Standen been as a mother to the orphan, yet she could not bear that any lips except those of her own children should call her mother. Edmund's voice alone gave that sacred name its full sweetness, fond though she was of the daughter who had married, and made for herself new ties and a new home. In her heart of hearts Edmund was as her only child. She would not for the world have owned to such a sentiment, setting her face, as she did, against all sentimentality; nevertheless, this was the feeling that had governed her years ago when she taught the little Indian child to call her "Auntie."

"The sun was powerful, but I don't mind *that*," said Mrs. Standen, with an involuntary glance at her son.

"What was it that bored you to-day, if it was not the heat, mother?" asked Edmund, when Esther was gone.

Those troublesome emotions would not be kept any longer under the hatches. The long dull evening, enforced severance from Sylvia, and the prosy, conversational meanderings of Mr. Toynbee and the curate, had goaded Mr. Standen almost to madness. He felt that it would do him good to quarrel with some one—even with his mother. There was no tenderness in that sacred name as his lips uttered it to-night.

"I was unhappy about you, Edmund," answered Mrs. Standen, with a look of pain.

"Why should you be unhappy about me, mother?" asked the young man, coldly. "I can see no reason. I have always been an obedient son."

"You have indeed," said the mother, stealing a tender look at her darling, who was walking up and down the room with impatient strides.

"And I shall be so still. Or if I can not obey, I shall at least know how to submit. Why should you feel unhappy, mother? You have made your decision, and I am ready to abide by it. We can be friends all the same."

"No, we are not the same to each other—we are not what we were a month ago."

"Well, there may be a little difference in our mutual satisfaction, just at first," Edmund answered, with a somewhat bitter smile. "It takes a man some time to accustom himself to the idea that his mother means to disinherit him. I don't mean as regards the change in his prospects. That is a small thing. But he has to reconcile himself to the knowledge that the mother he loves can deal hardly by him."

"Do you think it is no pain to me to deal hardly with you, Edmund?"

"If it were so painful, you would scarcely do it."

"It is for your own sake, Edmund. If my affection has no influence with you, I must use the power your father's will gave me. I would do any thing to prevent this wretched marriage."

"That you will never do. You can reduce me to beggary, but you can not rob me of the woman I love. Nothing less than fate shall do that."

"You mean to marry Sylvia Carew, then?" asked the mother, with a desperate look. She could hardly believe that this idolized son could persist in his opposition to her will. She had entreated him with tears; she would have gone on her knees to supplicate him had there been any hope of success.

"I told you so the day before yesterday," he said, moodily.

"Yes. But some good influence might have softened your heart since then."

"There is no hardness in my heart. I have only made up my mind to marry the one woman I can thoroughly love. Is there any thing unnatural in a man choosing for himself? I think you sometimes forget, mother, that I have come to man's estate. You fancy that I am still a little boy, protected from the risk of falling down stairs by a gate on the nursery landing, as I used to be twenty years ago."

"I should not attempt to interfere with your choice if it were rational, the deliberate result of sober reason—an attachment that had stood the test of time; but to see you bent upon marrying a girl whom you have only known since last May; of whom you know positively nothing, except that she has a pretty face—"

"And that it is the one face upon earth for me, and that she loves me, and that I love her. That's the beginning, middle, and end of a love-story, mother. You can't improve it, or take away from it, or add to it. No love-match from the days of Paris and Helen ever had a longer history. One would think you never had been in love yourself, mother, by your talk of sober reason and rational attachments."

This careless thrust went home. Mrs. Standen had dreamed her fond girlish dream of true love seven years before she married the portly banker at the sober age of six-and-twenty. She had loved and been beloved, and sacrificed the tenderest hopes of a girl's heart upon the altar of family convenience. Should there not be a small stone altar in the hall of every house, as a symbol of that invisible shrine on which so many tender feelings are constantly being offered up before the implacable household god, Necessity?

Mrs. Standen would not tell Edmund how she, too, had suffered. It would have been disrespectful to that generous husband who had loved and trusted her so fully. But she went up to her boy, and gently took his hand, and said,

"I know what it is to suffer, Edmund, and to be disappointed, and to own afterward that the disappointment was a blessing in disguise."

"I want no such equivocal benefits," said the young man, impatiently. "There's no use in arguing the point, mother. I mean to be a dutiful son always. Nothing can make any real or lasting difference in my affection for you. But I intend to marry the woman I love."

And then, after settling the question thus with an air of supreme calm, that quarrelsome demon which had been disquieting him more or less all the evening broke loose in Mr. Standen's breast, and he exclaimed, angrily,

"Indeed, I can not see what substantial reason you can have for objecting to the match. What are we that we should set ourselves up among the old county families?"

"On my side, at least, we have some claim to good blood," said Mrs. Standen, with dignity. "The Bossineys are as old a family as any in the west of England."

Mrs. Standen had been a Miss Bossiney. That crumbling, ivy-mantled vault in the church-yard enshrined the ashes of her ancestors. She had inherited the Worcester dinner service and the Derby dessert service from the Bossineys.

"Like the Copplestones and the Trelawneys, I suppose," replied Edmund, scornfully. "But when we come to names, Carew is as good as any."

"A very good name for those to whom it belongs. But I should question a parish schoolmaster's right to it."

"What, did you never hear of a gentleman in reduced circumstances?"

"Rarely of any gentleman living so obscure a life as Mr. Carew's without some good reason for his preferring such obscurity," answered Mrs. Standen.

"You are full of prejudice, mother," cried Edmund, quickening his pace.

"It is not prejudice, Edmund, but instinct. Trust a mother's feeling in such a case as this. If it is life or death for you, it is life or death for me. Wreck your happiness, and you wreck mine. I have studied that girl since I found out your infatuation for her."

"A period of three or four weeks!" cried the son, scornfully.

"Long enough for me to find out a good deal. I have talked to people who know Sylvia Carew. I have been to the school three or four times to see with my own eyes."

"Her character is not exposed to view in a glass case, like the trinkets on a jeweler's counter."

"She is shallow enough for me to read her, yes, to the heart of her mystery," answered Mrs. Standen. "Frivolous, proud, vain—that is the character I hear of her, and what I have seen confirms my informants."

"I wonder you can stoop to listen to petty village gossip, the ill-natured suggestions of women who are envious of my Sylvia's sweet face."

"I have talked to some who are beyond envy. Mrs. Vancourt has seen a good deal of Miss Carew, and her judgment, deliberately arrived at, for she is far too good a woman to condemn hastily, coincides with my own instinct. That girl is not worthy of the sacrifice you are going to make for her."

"Sacrifice?" echoed Edmund. "Were I an emperor I should be proud to win her."

"If it were only a question of worldly disadvantage, if it were merely the difference in your social rank, I would cease to oppose you," said the mother, yearning to be reconciled with this beloved son, and feeling how wide a breach yawned between them. "I would even say nothing about the mystery in Mr. Carew's life, the evident incongruity between the man and his position. If the girl herself were a good girl—"

"How dare you say that she is any thing less than good?" cried Edmund, the long-smothered fire flaming out at last. "How dare you judge her—you who pretend to rule your life by the Gospel?"

This was another home-thrust. How is any woman to justify that dim foreboding fear which she calls an instinct?

"I want you to be happy, Edmund," his mother said, piteously.

"I can only be happy in one way. I can only be happy if I marry the one woman I love."

"How can you be sure of your heart? You are little more than a boy."

"It is all very well for you to think me that, mother; but at four-and-twenty I claim the right to consider myself a man."

"And you are prepared to face beggary for the sake of this girl?"

"I am willing to resign my heritage."

"Like Esau," said Mrs. Standen, bitterly.

"Like Esau, if you will. Things did not go so badly with Esau in after-life; he had his flocks and his herds like his more astute brother. No, mother, I don't mean to face beggary; I mean to work for my living, as many a better man has done before me. I mean to succeed, God helping me, for my young wife's sake; and I," with a sudden change to tenderness, "I look forward hopefully to the day when you will be reconciled to my choice, and when you will say to me, 'After all, Edmund, a true heart is a safe counselor.'"

That look of affection from the young man's honest eyes, that tender tone, deeply touched the mother. She was not usually demonstrative of her tenderest feelings, but to-night she laid her head on her son's shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

"My boy," she cried, "I seem to use you hardly, when I love you better than my life."

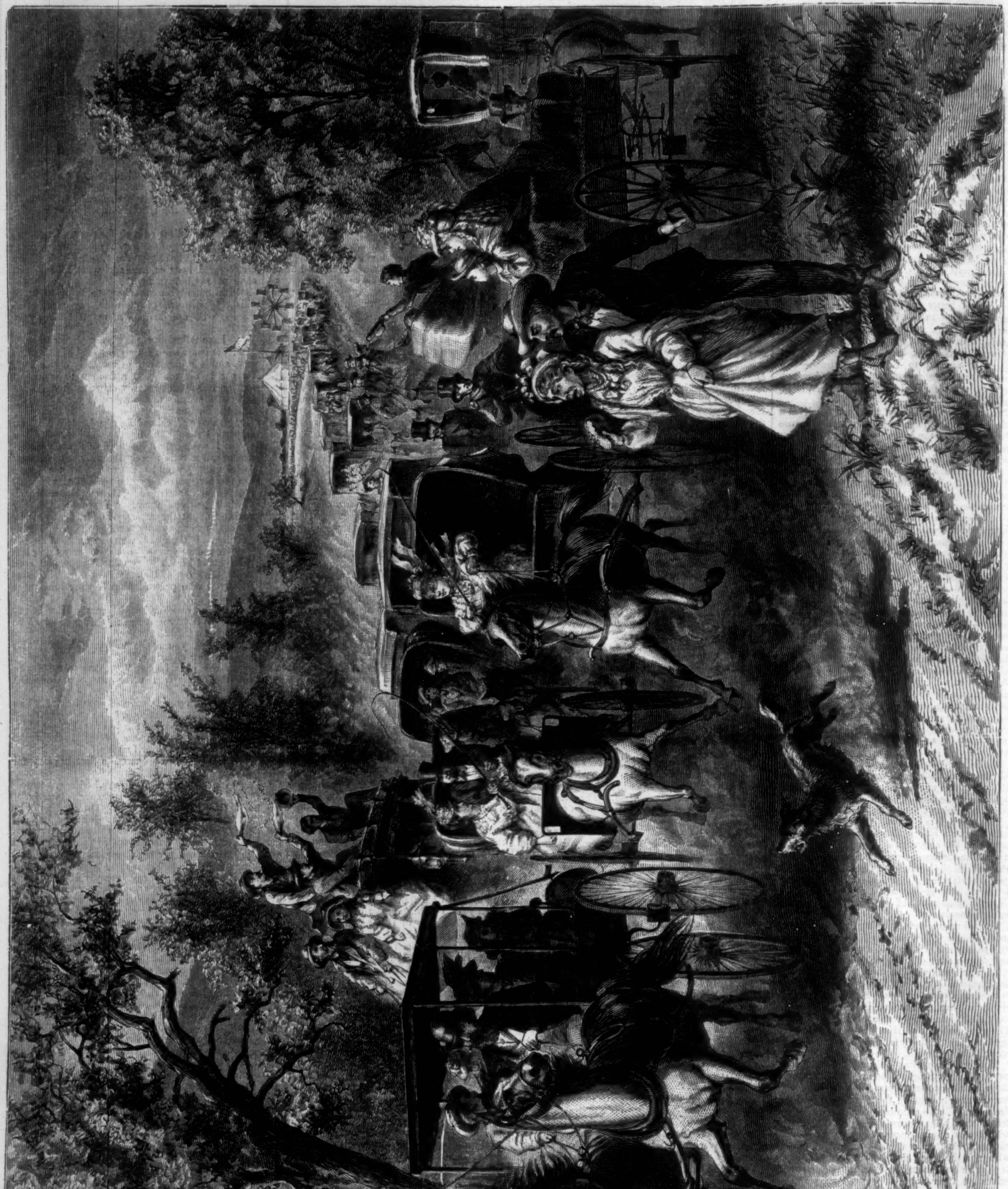
"Why, you foolish mother," said Edmund, cheerily, every angry feeling gone at sight of his mother's tears, "do you think any thing or any body can alter the affection we two bear for each other? Do you think a paltry question of money would ever divide us? Do you think I love you any less because I persist in my choice of a wife? A man's heart must be small indeed if it is not big enough to hold wife and mother."

"My best of sons!" murmured Mrs. Standen. "He who rules above us reads my heart, and knows it holds no selfish feeling where you are concerned. It is no personal prejudice—no mother's jealousy—that makes me oppose this marriage. But you have made up your mind—why do I speak of it any more? Let there be no bitterness between us. I can do no more except pray for your happiness."

Mrs. Standen had played her ace of trumps, and, as it were, thrown the card away. She had thought that when called upon to weigh the loss of his father's fortune against the gratification of his own caprice, Edmund would have hesitated to pay so heavy a price for his fancy. She saw him calmly resolute, unmoved by the prospect of so great a sacrifice, ready to surrender his heritage as lightly as if it had been one of the banker's silver snuff-boxes—those memorials of the departed, which were piously preserved under a glass case on the chiffonier yonder. She saw her tactics fail utterly. She had never meant to rob her boy of the inheritance that was justly his. She had never meant to enrich her daughter at the cost of her son.

She had only striven to stand between Edmund and a passion which that keen instinct of maternal love told her would be fatal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

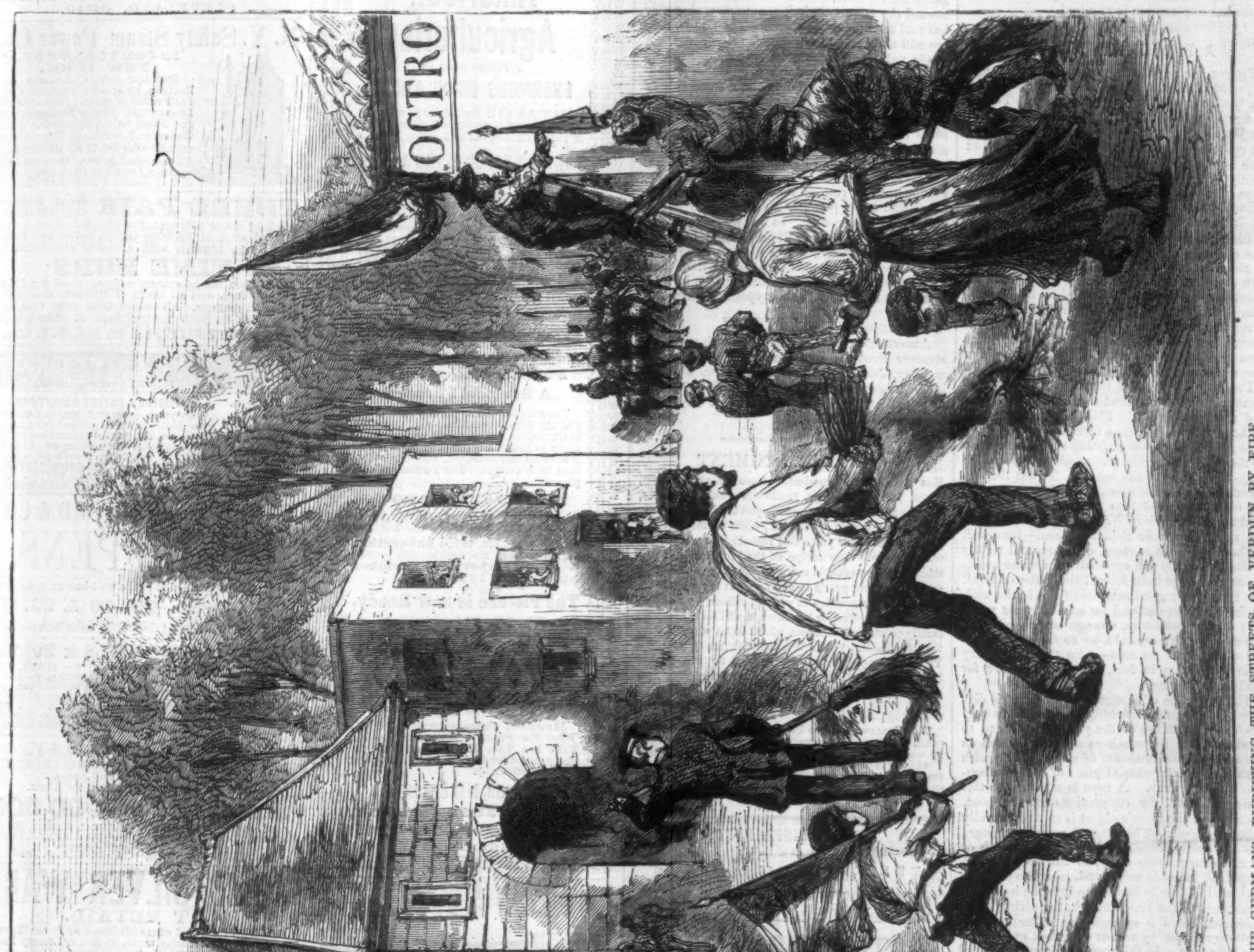


THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 949.]

THE EVACUATION OF VERDUN.

IT would have indicated a greater nobleness of character on the part of the people of Verdun than perhaps we have any right to expect if, on the eve of the departure of the German troops, they had frankly acknowledged that the unpleasant task of occupation had been accomplished with humanity, and even kindness. Instead of this, the people, conceiving, no doubt, that they were posing in the most magnificent manner before the eyes of France and Europe, treated the departing Prussians with a studied sulky silence, and as soon as they were out of the gates burst into ecstasies of hilarity, accompanied by a universal eruption of tricolor ribbons. The joy thus felt was natural enough, but we can not help thinking the burning of the Prussian sentry-boxes rather childish, nor does the incident depicted in the sketch below raise our estimate of the Verdunites. They swept up the straw left behind by the Prussians, and then set alight to it in little heaps, styling this the purifying fire. We have known a party of Brahmins in Bengal to act in a very similar manner when a room which they had been accustomed to frequent had been temporarily occupied by men of an inferior caste. The gate in the sketch is the Gate of France, by which the French troops entered the town. The middle figure represents one of the local revenue collectors (*octroi*); the others are inhabitants in ordinary dress.

The long occupation of French territory by German troops was undoubtedly a source of great exasperation and humiliation to the country, and has left behind a sense of wrong and hatred which may not be eradicated in generations. Unless the national sentiment shall be controlled by a wise and moderate government, France and Germany may again become involved in war.



EVACUATION OF FRANCE BY THE GERMANS—PURIFYING THE STREETS OF VERDUN BY FIRE.

THE RETURN FROM THE FAIR.

A GREAT event to all the country round is the county Agricultural Fair, or Cattle Show, as it is sometimes called, where all the new inventions in farming implements, and all the various products of the land, are displayed in competition for the award of prizes. It is generally held in or near the largest village in the county, and the people come in crowds, from near and far, to take part in the festivities of the occasion. Perhaps the most enjoyable time is that selected by our artist, and so graphically depicted in the illustration on page 948—the return from the fair grounds—when every body feels in the best of humor, and those who have come in carriages or wagons have the opportunity to test the metal of their teams. Every one who has witnessed the confusion and hilarity of such a scene will recognize the fidelity of our illustration. Every group and every figure in the picture is full of character, and, without the slightest attempt at exaggeration, the artist conveys a very pleasant idea of the humorous aspect of the fair.

THE EMIGRANT WAGON.

Last week we gave a double page illustration of the interior of a New York emigrants' boarding-house; this week we give, on page 940, a picture showing the way in which emigrants are conveyed from Castle Garden or their boarding-houses to the railway station on setting out for their permanent homes in the West or South. The illustration tells its own story so well that no further explanation is required.

A PIECE OF SPONGE.

There is a regular fishing season for sponge in the Mediterranean, and at one time it used nearly all to go to Smyrna, and be sold as Turkey sponge; but now, when the rocks of Syria and the Grecian Isles have been well dredged, and the collected sponge is dried, it is shipped off at once for the European markets. We know, principally by sight, two kinds of sponge—the fine, close, elastic; and the dark, open sponge, familiar to us as "honey-comb." To the uninitiated it would seem that these were the produce of different countries; but it is not so, for the two qualities are found growing together, side by side, upon the same rock, and are dredged with the same net. The fishing season lasts for about four months, and is carried on in a rough, primitive fashion, but with tolerably satisfactory results, though the thick, coarse, honey-comb sponge is far inferior in commercial value to its close-grained, firm brother, the Turkey sponge *par excellence.*

Probably for want of research, the supply of sponge is almost confined to the Mediterranean and the West Indies. Florida and the neighborhood of the Bahamas form the sponge-hunter's ground, and it is probably the case that the turtle may make his resting-place among the jelly-like groves of the sponge. To see the late contents of a case of sponge after being moistened, one is tempted into comparisons with the genius of the *Arabian Nights* who escaped from the vessel that bore Solomon's seal—inasmuch as the dry sponge is close, compact, and tightly packed in, while the application of water swells it out to a large bulk several times the original. We have pretty good samples of this in the well-puffed-out pieces offered for sale by street vendors; and, by-the-way, strange stories of these pieces of sponge are told, as to their being refuse cleaned up for sale—tales that have very little foundation in fact, for the pieces are for the most part new.

The collection of sponge in the Levant is dignified by the title of fishing, and partakes very much of the nature of the process practiced to obtain pearls; inasmuch as divers go down in some eight or ten fathoms of water, taking with them a triangular-shaped piece of stone to conquer the buoyancy. A rope is attached to this stone, and held by companions in the boat. Once down, the diver's object is to wade rapidly to the pieces of rock bearing the growing sponge; this he rapidly tears off, till he has as much as he can conveniently carry, or till his power of remaining below is exhausted, when he pulls his rope, and is rapidly hauled up into the boat. In some parts of the East, though, the diving is not practiced, but the sponges are collected from shallower water by means of a fork at the end of a long pole. In this way the pieces are forced or dragged from the rock, but very often at the expense of the sponge, which is thus made ragged and unsalable. A similar process is followed out in the West Indies, a long fork being used in place of the diving.

THE VULTURE OR EAGLE OF SCRIPTURE.

Allusion is made in several passages to the swiftness of the eagle, as well as its voracity. See, for example, a portion of David's lamentation over the bodies of Saul and Jonathan, who, according to the poet's metaphor, "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." The Chaldeans are thus alluded to by the prophet Jeremiah: "Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heavens; they pursued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderness" (Lamentations, iv. 19). There is something peculiarly appropriate in employing the vulture as an image of strength and swiftness when applied to warriors, the bird being an invariable attendant on the battle, and flying to the field of death with marvelous swiftness. All who had ever witnessed a battle were familiar with the presence of the vulture; the scene of carnage and the image which is employed would be one which commended itself at once to those for whom it was intended. And as the earlier history of the Jewish nation is essentially of a warlike character, we can not wonder that so powerful and familiar an image should have been repeatedly introduced into the sacred writings.

Piercing and wonderful as is the vision of the vulture, its visual powers have been much exaggerated. It certainly does possess a vision of no ordinary capacity, which is able to assume either a telescopic or a microscopic character, by means of a complex and marvelous structure, which can alter the whole shape of the organ at the will of the bird. Not only can the eye be thus altered, but it changes instantaneously, so as to accommodate itself to the task which it is to perform. A vulture, for example, sees from a vast height the body of a dead animal, and instantly swoops down upon it like an arrow from a bow. In order to enable the bird to see so distant an object, the eye has been exercising its telescopic powers; and yet, in a second or two, when the vulture is close to its prey, the whole form of the eye must be changed, or the bird would mistake its distance, and dash itself to pieces on the ground. But although the vulture can see to an enormous distance, and with great clearness, it can see neither so far nor so clearly as is popularly supposed. It is true that as soon as a carcass is discovered it will be covered with vultures, which arrive from every side, looking at first like tiny specks in the air, scarcely perceptible even to practiced eyes, and all directing their flight to the same point. "Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." But although they all fly toward the same spot, it does not follow that they have all seen the same object. The fact is, they see and understand each other's movements. A single vulture, for example, sees a dead or dying sheep, and swoops down upon it. The other vultures which are flying about in search of food, and from which the animal in question may be concealed, know perfectly well that a vulture soars high in the air when searching for food, and only darts to the earth when it has found a suitable prey. They immediately follow its example, and, in their turn, are followed by other vultures, which can see their fellows from a distance, and know perfectly well why they are all converging to one spot. In this way all the vultures of a neighborhood will understand, by a very intelligible telegraph, that a dead body of some animal has been found, and, aided by their wonderful powers of flight, will assemble over its body in an almost incredibly short space of time.

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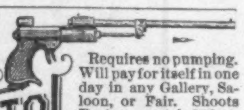

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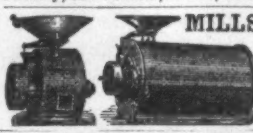

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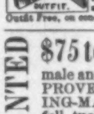

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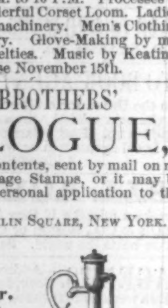
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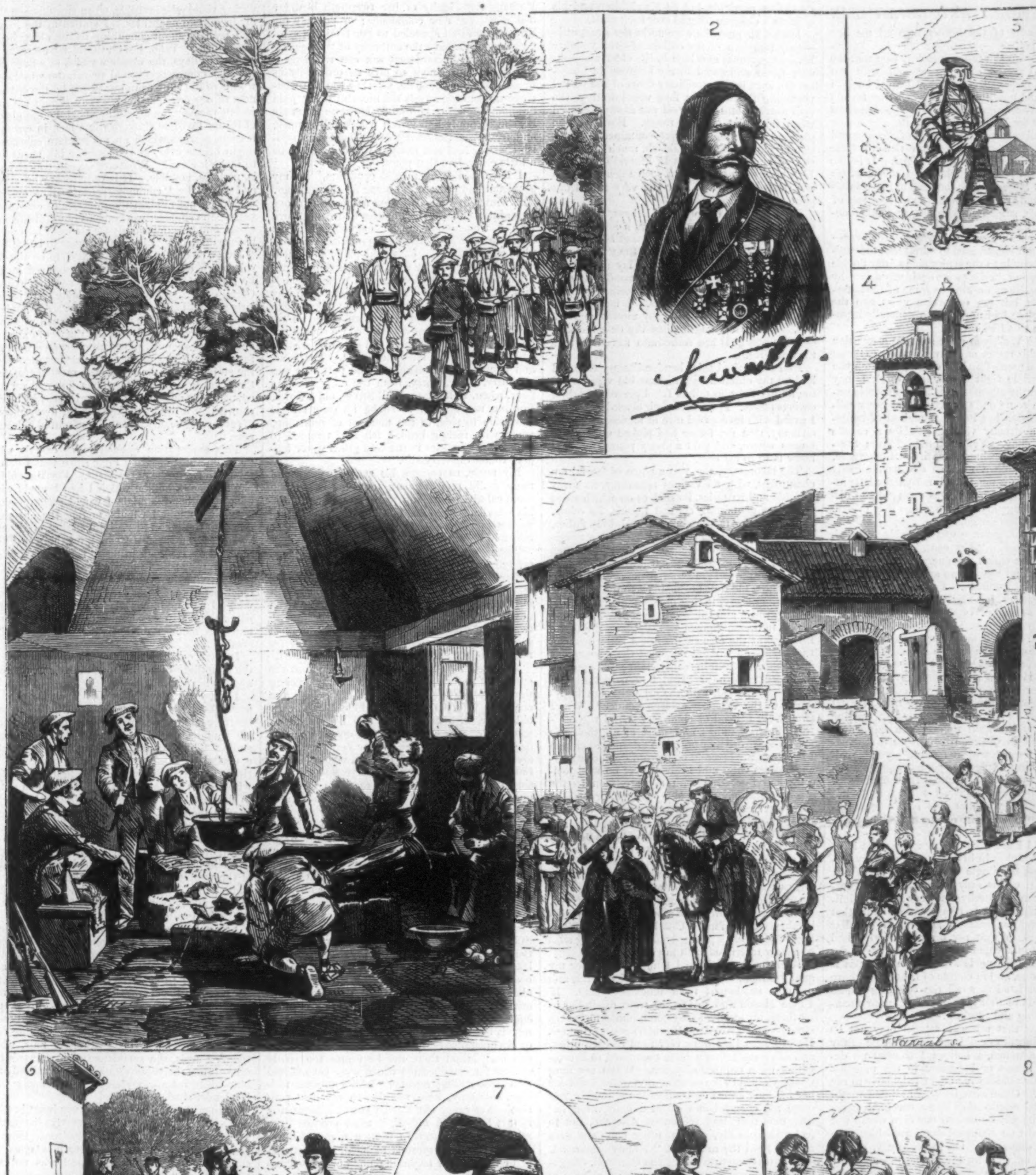


1. Advanced Guard of Carlists in the Mountains of Montseny.—2. General Savalls.—3. Carlist Sentinel.—4. Reception of Carlists by Village Priests.—5. Inside a Mountain Inn.—6. Republican National Guards from Barcelona.—7. Xich de la Barraqueta, Colonel of Republican Volunteers.—8. Specimens of Republican Volunteers.

THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.

THE WAR IN SPAIN.

It is evident that the sympathies of the Spanish people in Catalonia are by no means so devoted to the cause of Don CARLOS as in the Basque Provinces and in Navarre; yet the insurrection in Catalonia obstinately maintains its ground on account of the topographical difficulties, in the form of mountains, torrents, and thickets, which distinguish that part of Spain. Such a country is the very place for a guerrilla warfare. A Carlist leader, therefore, if we may borrow Lord DENBIGH's famous saying, may be a soldier, if you please, but a *guerrillero* before all things. All the bands have for their advanced guard the traditional *trabucadres*—that is, men armed with blunderbusses (sketch No. 1), a capital weapon for a war of surprises, where victory generally remains with the daring and the swift. FRANCISCO SAVALLS (sketch No. 2) is one of the most famous of the Carlist chiefs. He was born in 1817, served under his father in the first Carlist insurrection, spent some years of exile in France, joined CABRERA in a second unsuccessful attempt in 1848, and afterward served in the Pontifical Zouaves till September, 1870. SAVALLS is an earnest and disinterested enthusiast, whose one great object is the triumph of legitimacy in Spain. He is a strict disciplinarian, impartial, courageous, and beloved by his men. The Catalonian clergy, for the most part, sympathize with the Carlist cause, and therefore such scenes as that represented in sketch No. 4 are repeated in every village. Hence the difficulty of suppressing insurgents who hold neither towns nor fortified places, who simply enter villages, levy contributions, and vanish, to be protected in case of pursuit by the clergy of the mountains. No. 5 shows a party of these fugitives making themselves comfortable in a mountain hostelry at a place called Pinos. After the defeat of the unfortunate CABINETTY, who was killed in battle at Alpens, the liberal party in Catalonia began to appreciate that a serious crisis had arrived. Accordingly the National Guard was called out, and the city of Barcelona sent six battalions to the scene of war, specimens of whom appear in sketch No. 6. The popular Carlist chieftain SAVALLS is balanced by an equally popular republican leader. This is Colonel MARTI (No. 7), better known by the nickname of Xich de la Barraqueta—that is to say, the Boy of the Little Barrack. He is a fine specimen of the liberal *guerrillero*, and commands two battalions of volunteers, types of whom are shown in sketch No. 8.

WALL STREET AND READVILLE.

THE stillness of the library affected me like something palpable—a body of silence. In no-wise did it calm the feverish energy that sent the wheels of thought spinning around with ten times their normal swiftness. I leaned back in my chair, and questioned wearily whether my old Connecticut homestead would prove so efficacious a substitute for Wall Street after all.

I was junior partner in the firm of Sterling and Sterling, Brokers. Now I know that to some prejudiced minds that avowal is final. It is like one of those highly wrought stage effects where his Satanic Majesty doffs the garb of respectability, and stands revealed in all the hideousness of cloven hoofs, sulphureous flames, and other demoniacal "extras."

Still, I repeat, I was a broker. Moreover—although I am constrained to admit that the capital leaned heavily to the senior side of our double S—Sterling and Sterling were decidedly a wealthy firm; not quite as dashing as some of the latter-day marvels, but ten or twelve years ago the steam principle had not been so generally introduced as in this Fiskian era.

Honest? Well, you must see that a question of that kind is rather an awkward thing to thrust plump into a man's face! However, although you had no possible right to ask it, I think I may answer it in the affirmative. There is considerable truth in some one's assertion that every calling or profession has its own standard of honesty, which, abstractly viewed, exhibits a certain amount of alloy. Yet my uncle, Mason Sterling, both in his business capacity and otherwise, was as honorable a man as one would easily find; while as for me, though not particularly attached to my vocation, it was not rendered distasteful by stings of conscience—so it is evident the rule must have exceptions.

But if my conscience was tolerably satisfied, not so my mind. "Per cent." was hardly the watch-word at which my energies naturally rallied. Bulls and bears were apt to bore me with their incessant combats. I could have been an amused spectator, but alas, *pars fui!* I was not permitted to remain cool and disinterested amidst the turmoils of 'Change. We were forced to be ever on the alert. If the swimmer pauses for a moment to observe the waves, behold they have mounted over his head, and his place knows him no more. He must sink philosophy to the bottom, and buffet those rude surges continually.

Now this was especially hard for me to do. I was always for examining, analyzing, seeking causes—never content to accept a thing as I found it, and so work onward from that starting-point. Even a truism I found myself involuntarily picking in pieces.

Reader, if you do not know it from experience—and as your well-wisher, I trust you do not—I can assure you that this is the most inconvenient temperament one can well be born with.

Where did I get it, when my uncle must have been a baby-broker in his cradle, whose very rattle prefigured the jingle of the dollar? Was I not the child of his only brother, Erastus Sterling? and can the family tree bear such dissimilar fruit? How heartily I have wished either that my father had not transmitted to me his peculiar turn of mind, or that my brother Charley had survived his infantine attack of scarlet fever; for he was as like his uncle Mason as a little pea is to a larger one, and in course of time would have admirably assisted to swell the counting-house pod alongside of that gentleman as junior member of Sterling and Sterling.

Now I beg that my self-esteem may not be considered inordinate if I say that, in spite of my natural repugnance, I believe I showed no deficiency of brains or judgment in the management of those affairs which fell particularly to my supervision. Otherwise, be sure business would have crushed relationship like a car of Juggernaut, and the gilt letters on our sign would not have formed that beautiful duplicate—like twin cherries on one stem. On the contrary, having been taken on trial by my uncle, the assiduity with which I had applied myself to my labors had been rewarded by the aforesaid gilt alliteration.

There is no use in standing shivering by a bath-tub, though you suspect the water *is* a little chilly. Therefore, after my father's death, when family matters turned out as involved as the accounts of philosophers are wont to be, upon my uncle's kindly offering me a place in his office, though the prospect was not a congenial one, I exchanged without hesitation the classic shades and elmy vistas of old Yale for the fluctuations of the Gold Board, the exciting, but uninspiring tumult of the auction-room.

That dear, square, old-fashioned Connecticut mansion where I had first seen the light of day! I loved the spot not only for my own associations with it, but because of the food for fancy afforded by its anterevolutionary reminiscences, when it had faced the pleasant street in all the splendor of its newness. If it had never been the head-quarters of omnipresent Washington, Putnam's jolly form had shed a rotund cheerfulness about the place, while the buff and blue of some young aid-de-camp had doubtless been welcome as yellow sunlight and azure sky to bright eyes bent bashfully over the embroidery-frame within those substantial walls.

With what soldier pride my little form had straightened, in regarding the old musket of my *young* great-grandfather—brought home cold and stiff to his six-months' bride from his first battle-field! And deadly work the weapon had done; for, in the confusion of dusk, the son's bullet had called a redder stain to the scarlet coat of his father, that terrible old Tory, Colonel Sterling. Lying wounded, side by side, the two had recognized each other, and the colonel had called down curses, violent and fearful, not only on the unwitting parricide, but on his children and his children's children, should ever such exist.

Both their portraits were up in the great attic—that kingdom of my childhood—the younger handsome, frank, and boyish, the elder unspeakably fierce and awful to my impressible imagination, even in the unmilitary dress of the period preceding the war: the face was lowering, the eyes watchful and sinister—I was always relieved when fairly out of their range. Besides these pictures, of course, the garret contained a collection of most delightful rubbish, much like that so charmingly described in Ik Marvel's "Dream Life," a scene painted with such fidelity that as one reads he seems to hear the very rain-drops pattering overhead.

In addition to his philosophic bent, my father was something of an antiquarian, a lover of abstruse knowledge, a treader of that border-land which separates the known from the unknown, a quiet, shy man, whose real life lay among his books, retorts, and crucibles. I wonder he ever married, library and laboratory seemed so perfectly sufficient for his needs. I have always had a private suspicion that my mother married *him*. I mean nothing against the dear old lady—the nicest girls are sometimes forced to take the initiative.

And I inherited this chemico-literary turn. I bruised my childish nose against old volumes on the library floor, as tall as I. I peered into their curious plates. I pondered their black-letter type. I gazed with reverential awe at ancient works on alchemy, that my father had picked up, Heaven knows where, and paid a pretty penny for, as I knew later to my cost.

The laboratory, too, was a place of fearful enchantment, with its various apparatus, its array of tubes and batteries, its shelves on which stood glass jars containing colored liquids, its odors, subtly sweet or most repulsive. And my father, as the genius loci, seemed invested with a nameless majesty quite different from the absent man whom I met (occasionally) at meal-times, which very nearly formed the extent of our acquaintance.

All those old times came back to me now, as I sat in the library, in that quiet characteristic of a country town, and the well-remembered stooping figure, in dressing-gown and slippers—the first a little out at the elbows, the last a little down at the heels—once more occupied the accustomed arm-chair. Was it in reality eight years ago that he had filled it last? Had I been seething for nearly that period, with the other human ingredients in the vast city caldron yonder? Was I twenty-six instead of eighteen? Ah! the boy's trust, the boy's aims, and, most of all, the boy's love, where were they now? Yesterday at church I had seen my juvenile inamorata demurely seated between child and husband, yet no wild jealousy had interfered with my attention to the drowsy sermon. Had she changed, or had I? How her vacuous comeliness contrasted with the sweet face close beside me—a lovely, refined, shy little face—that of the girl who filled a position half-way between companion and adopted daughter to my mother.

As we shared the hymn-book, I was by no means displeased to have the small warm hand come into occasional contact with my own. Little Lena Carswell was most unlike those fashionable cousins of mine, Charlotte and Nelly Sterling, whose velvet prayer-books and rustling silks somehow interfered with my devotions.

A cheerful substitute I found her, too, for my aunt Hannah, my mother's unmarried sister, and my own spoil-sport from tenderest years. If Uncle Mason and my father were dissimilar as brothers, my mother's rosy good-humor formed as strong a contrast to Aunt Hannah's sober primness. Nevertheless they were very fond of each other, and after my father's death continued to live together for a number of years. When my aunt finally yielded to the consumption which had been her life-long sword of Damocles, my mother was quite too cheerful and social a body, after her first mourning had somewhat subsided, not to feel a little lonely, without other company than that of Abel the man, and "Mandy" the maid. Just at this juncture little Lena Carswell, daughter of the village school-master, was left an orphan by the sudden death of her father, and thus destitute and homeless, it did seem hard that the poor child of fifteen, so soon after her bereavement, should have to go out as governess to other children—a contingency which appeared imminent.

It should never be, declared my mother. Was she, a widow, to forget the fatherless, to hide her talent in a napkin? Her husband and her sister were dead, her son Gerald was away, and she was a lonely old woman, who had amply sufficient for the child, if she was willing to come and live with her. And so on, for several pages of a letter indited to me shortly after the advent of Miss Lena, together with an enthusiastic eulogium of that young lady, of whose prettiness and sweetness she could not say enough.

When I came home for a week or two the following summer, I found a shy, pretty little thing there, who blushed so painfully when I passed the toast the first morning at breakfast that I let her alone during the remainder of my stay. Doubtless the poor child had heard such astounding panegyrics of her kind friend's absent son that she already stood in awe of me as something more than mortal.

First impressions are very strong with me, and on each succeeding visit I saw only the same fair-haired, sweet-faced, bashful little creature, who shrank all up together at any attempt at further acquaintance. So I bestowed my attention chiefly on my guns and fishing-rods, and spared her the unnecessary agony.

But this year—I could hardly tell why—I found her inexpressibly attractive in the few days I had been at Readville. The jealous moss was dropping from the lovely rose-bud; the old reserve and shyness to a great degree had vanished. Perhaps the dignity of her twentieth birthday had given her new confidence; or possibly my invalid condition appealed to her feminine sympathy, since we have the authority of "the poet," that while her inconsistent sex can reconcile it with their consciences to give us ordinarily as much trouble as possible, yet they see fit to become ministering angels the moment that "pain or anguish rends our brows." However that may be, she certainly had grown wonderfully pretty, and, fresh from the society of my handsome, stylish cousins, Nell and Lotty, I was disposed to be a little critical on that point.

I have said "my invalid condition," for my physician had ordered me home for the summer. The winter of 185– had been a memorable one in business annals. Old houses had come down with a tremendous crash; commercial credit shook in its shoes; the money-market was emphatically "tight." Universal panic prevailed, and Wall Street was a gloomy pandemonium. Even Sterling and Sterling had their forebodings. Good Heavens! the anxious, feverish way I worked, the hours I passed in the office, when my weary eyes should have been closed in refreshing sleep! I was determined we should not go under if effort of mine could save us. Eating and sleeping were alike neglected. Fresh air and exercise were dreams of the past. It was all hurry, hurry, hurry, from the early morning hour, when, walking up Wall Street, old Trinity, fronting me, seemed to shake its gray steeple from side to side, to the moment of returning, when, with reeling head, I felt half tempted to bury my perplexities in the cold green water lapping round the ferry-slip.

My uncle, as became his superior years and more stolid temperament, took matters much more calmly. I could perceive no diminution of his excellent appetite, but household expenses were curtailed, and the girls had lighter milliner's bills and fewer parties.

The good ship weathered the storm, and came safely into port at last, but the second mate was ordered off duty—in other words, your humble servant, Gerald Sterling, received a serious warning that he had been using up brain-power at an unwarrantable rate, and, instead of the customary two weeks' vacation during the hot season, must spend not only the entire summer, but the remainder of the spring, in perfect rest and quiet.

Although inclined at first to rebel against the cutting of so formidable a slice from my precious time, my unstrung nerves forced me at length to acquiesce in this decree; and here I was in my old home, with my mother and Miss Lena as watchful of me as if I had been on the point of death, hushing to silence every body and thing about the place, even to the cat, whose luckless tail I trod upon one day. Lena read aloud to us singularly stupid books, my mother's favorites, under which that good lady dropped comfortably off to sleep, but which I tolerated for the sake of the sweet voice, the pleasant vehicle of their platitudes.

I can not say that any marked improvement in my health had taken place as yet. This evening in the library, after a week's stay at Readville, I was as restless and perturbed as when I had first entered that abode of quiet.

The house was very still, for, though by no means late, all the inmates save myself had gone to bed at the usual early country hour. I felt at the same time feverish and heavy. "A clog of lead was on my feet, a band of pain across my brow." I fell to speculating on my mood, and abandoned myself to a train of inquiry and analysis befitting my father's son. What influence was acting on me to-night? What were moods but emanations from some outside power or circumstance?—like cold or heat, or other sensations. Might there not be senses too subtly refined for classification which were yet affected by corresponding agents? These present feelings, assuredly, were not due to my own volition. Yet every effect must have its cause, and if this lay not in myself, it must proceed from something without. In what a night of darkness are we poor mortals plunged, who can explain neither our beginning nor our end—creation or destiny.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." This is all we can say for ourselves, and even that saying we borrow! As the lines floated through my bewildered brain they naturally led my thoughts to their author. Why should one man be gifted above his fellows with seeming omniscience? Why— But finding myself likely to become involved in a hopeless labyrinth, I sought to substitute another's speculations for my own, and took up one of those brass-clasped, black-lettered tomes, the delight and terror of my boyhood. Mechanically, at first, I began spelling out its queer type, but my interest gradually increased, as former chemical experiments of my own recurred to my mind, for it was a work on alchemy and kindred subjects.

As I read on I found allusions to some discovery, of which gold as usual formed the basis—"philosopher's stone"—"transmutation of metals." Gold, gold, gold! Must it meet me even here! For a moment I half expected to see the familiar quotations of its present premium. But no—these were days when Hendrik Hudson had not yet sailed up his majestic river, when Broadway was shrouded in the stillness of the forest primeval, save when echoing to some savage war-whoop or some wild beast's cry. This gold had nothing to do with Wall Street or financial panics. It was only that old dream, so dear to lonely monks half crazed in cloistered solitudes, yet whose hands alone, in those dim times, prevented the feeble lamp of learning from utterly flickering out.

Further on, my curiosity was aroused by mention of a liquid compounded of gold and other specified ingredients, and possessed of certain wonderful properties—among them that of rendering visible the invisible, when sprinkled on the air in minute quantities. I smiled at first, but, as I read I caught something of the old writer's earnestness. Who, I said, would have credited, in ancient days, the wonders which at a later period the microscope would reveal, the worlds on worlds of life shut from our vision by the coarseness of our organization? Why should not apparent vacancy, as my author held, be the abode of beings invisible through some lack in our formation, a want which an appropriate substance might bridge over, as sympathetic ink needs fire to make it clear? Whatever we can conceive of is, perhaps, possible. It is only fools who sneer and swear by "common-sense"—that quality which can not explain the miracles of every-day nature, the simplest workings of physical life, yet would fain presumptuously thrust itself into mysterious domains "where angels fear to tread."

Every mood the writer affirmed to be the result of an external impression, produced on us by some being close at hand in seeming space. Certain conditions of mind and body were peculiarly susceptible to these influences. A complete passiveness, when the action of the will was suspended, placed the mind at the mercy of extraneous forces—seemed, indeed, to exert an attraction for them. It was under such circumstances that the sprinkling of the liquid was most successful, the revelations clearest. Then followed an account of the author's own experience, which had shown him a different presence for every mood, of surpassing beauty, or, again, of untold hideousness.

This explanation chimed in so exactly with my ponderings of a half hour since that I determined to make the experiment. For the gold I had a piece of bullion which I had brought with me; the other materials I would procure—possibly they might be found among the chemical débris of the laboratory. But first of all, let me go to bed and sleep, if I could, for the rest of the night, that I might bring a somewhat fresher brain to the task to-morrow.

The following evening, when all the house was quiet as before, I betook myself to the laboratory, where I had my materials in readiness, and prepared the mixture as accurately as I could translate into modern diction the ancient scientific symbols.

It gave out a peculiar odor, and appeared in the lamp-light of a faint metallic yellow, lustrous and translucent.

I sat down, breathless and excited; though even then, as the thought of Uncle Mason's hearty contempt occurred to me, could he know his junior's occupation, I gave a momentary smile. Then I poured the clear, thick liquid into a crystal flask of antique form. I watched its rippled surface throw back the light: I dallied with it, in an unaccountable hesitation to put it to the test. Pshaw! was I a child to be frightened at the silly fable of a doting friar! I placed my lamp outside the door to gain the requisite obscurity. The faint light of a new moon alone glided through a crevice in the shutter. Cautiously I allowed a few drops to trickle over the edge of the vessels. They diffused themselves into a white vapor, and mounted up like incense when the thurible is swung. Somewhat the same pungent odor greeted my nostrils.

For a few moments I could discern nothing, and was conscious of a vague disappointment, whose absurdity I acknowledged; and I was about to replace my banished lamp upon the table, and apply myself to some less mystical experiment, when—stay! out of the opaque chaos something seemed struggling into form; dim shapes that my fancy conjured into human similitude. They wavered, gathered into more definite outlines—a head crowned with long hair, white rounded arms, the semblance of a woman's figure. Then the vapor cleared away, and only the blue-white moon-ray pierced the darkness with its slender shaft.

My nerves were all a-quiver, my heart beating an anvil chorus like half a dozen trip-hammers; I brought in the lamp and looked once more at the turned-down page, no longer in a mood for smiling. What I had witnessed was not the phantasm of a heated brain. Since so much of truth lay in the alchemist's words, I was prepared to lend them further credence. Doubtless I had made some error in the combination of the substances: different proportions of like ingredients will give a chemical compound most dissimilar properties. Only careful preparation imparts to the photographic plate its sensitive power of arresting images. Who could say this was not governed by a kindred principle? Hence the blurred, uncertain shadows that vibrated through the air a moment, only to vanish before settling into definite form.

With patient study I detected my mistake—a wrong interpretation of one of the quaint characters—and proceeded to correct it. Now, certain of its accuracy, it alone remained for me to prove its power.

Returning to the library, I seated myself in the great arm-chair opposite the book-case, closed my eyes, and reduced my mind to as passive a state as possible. Again the "band of pain," the dreary heaviness, the nightmare-like oppression I knew so well. What influence was destroying me, what poison slowly killing every fibre? I opened my eyes on the darkness and groped for the flask where I had placed it on the book-shelf. What should I see? A nervous dread prompted me to leave the experiment untried; then for very shame I braced my faltering resolution.

The liquid made a metallic gurgle against the glass, as once again it trickled drop by drop to the floor, through the intervening air. The same thick vapor radiating a subdued light from its centre, diffused itself: as before, it gathered into human outlines, but this time firmer, more decided.

I am not a man of weak nerve, but it was with

difficulty I repressed a cry. There, by my chair, in horrible proximity, the void air shaped itself into a visible form—visible, and not unfamiliar. Surely I knew those features, that grim brow, those fierce relentless eyes that had so often followed me in childhood. A terrible face, but not precisely what the artist had depicted in the portrait, rather as the son must have beheld it, as the set lips cursed him, whitening with the rigidity of coming death, but instinct with a passion of hatred that by its very force detained the life a little longer in its shattered tenement.

Close beside me arose this fearful phantom, with one hand pressed upon my forehead, almost burning itself into my brain—glaring into my eyes with a malevolence that, unsoftened by the lapse of nearly a century, now turned me sick to the very heart.

This, then, was the power that preyed upon my weakness, that rushed through the gate left open by weariness and depression. To this evil principle, slowly, surely sapping my strength, I was yielding day by day. The first moments of frozen horror gave place to an impulse of resistance. Whatever will I could command I concentrated in one mighty effort to free myself from this tyranny.

The pressure on my forehead ceased, the hand withdrew, the baleful eyes went out in darkness, the figure faded away. I was conscious of an unwonted elasticity, a boyish spring and vigor—I had conquered.

That night I slept as I had not done for months, and on the following evening a placid mood had succeeded my former restlessness. Again I sprinkled the liquid. An unspeakably beautiful face shone from the chaos; soft eyes looked angelic tenderness into my own. Whose the Madonna countenance might be I could not tell; but a guardian angel might have worn that watchful, loving look.

As if fanned to slumber by the waving of gentle wings, I fell into a blissful unconsciousness, which lasted till the oil in my lamp without had burned low, and the early morning peered curiously through the eastern window.

During the weeks that followed, my physical condition seemed peculiar—painless, but marked by a singular languor. My recollections of that time are enveloped in a sort of mist. I had no desire to renew my chemical experiments, but felt continually the blessing of that unseen Presence. Every thing was bathed in an atmosphere of peace and happiness. And as the soft spring rounded into the perfect summer, under the deep heaven, amidst the fresh greenness, the fitful breezes, and the shimmering sunlight,

> "Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its chords with might—
> Smote the chord of *self* that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Lena no longer avoided me. Daily some spell drew us nearer: we hardly needed to tell our love. It trembled into our eyes, our tones were eloquent of it. Never, it seemed, had I lived before that time.

The long summer twilight, alone in some quiet country spot, always affects me indescribably. One evening, when Lena and my mother were away, at loss for occupation, I strolled into an old church-yard in the neighborhood, for many years neglected and overrun with weeds. Rank vines rioted here and there in wild luxuriance; every thing spoke of forlornness and decay. Not only were these tenants, who lay so quietly with feet to the east, done with all earthly things, but their very remembrance had vanished away. Their own generation had passed, and yet another had arisen and in their turn been cut down, as time went by, until now the succession of changing seasons had piled up a monument of years above them, and converted their once warm humanity into merely "the old, long-buried dead."

Leaning upon a broken monument, over which a solitary rose-bush clambered, I thought of Death and Love—of the hearts that, peaceful or turbulent, rested side by side here, careless whether reverent hands strewed flowers above them, or unsightly nettles disfigured their last abode. Darkness came on more rapidly than I knew, lost in such musings. The sky was moonless and starless, the night dense and murky; life seemed utterly gone out of the world—the very heavens looked dead.

Something brought to my mind the liquid that had wrought such wonders for me, that had forced the hidden world of air to yield up its secrets to my vision. What miracle would it effect here? Could it stir with any vital principle this dust so long inanimate? Was it electric in its nature, the very elixir of life, indeed—the ichor of ancient legends?

An allusion which I had not comprehended had indicated some further power of which this compound was possessed, but the investigation, as venturing beyond the lawful limit of human inquiry, involved a fearful penalty. Was this the forbidden experiment? I had a reckless desire to put it to the proof—to eat the fruit and dare the consequences.

Not many minutes had elapsed before I stood by the nameless grave with the crystal flask in my hand. Was I about to do an impious deed? I stifled the accusing whisper, and there, in the brooding twilight, I poured what remained of the glittering fluid into the tangled grass upon the middle of the mound.

A low wind breathed upon my face, yet not a leaf stirred on the trees; and far down the horizon gleamed a light neither of moon nor star. Faint at first, but steadily increasing, it rolled on in a lambent flood; it touched the grass, and every blade withered to the ground; it shone upon the tombstone, and the solid marble crumbled and fell, a heap of discolored ashes, while the opening roses shriveled as by magic into clusters of blighted petals; but when it smote the grave itself the turf divided, the long mound was rent in sunder, and there, before my shuddering eyes, with limbs stiffened by their swathing, cramped by the close confines that had bound them, the inmate of the narrow house came forth. And as the light streamed full upon the face the death-look disappeared, brightness returned to the glazed eye, color and roundness to the cheek, life and supple motion to the body, and the re-arisen Dead followed the breeze that did not wave the trees, the light that shone from neither moon nor star, and, passing from my sight, left me alone amidst the ruins.

Then there came over me the realization of my willful sacrilege—the right of the Creator which I, a mortal, had blasphemously assumed in the resurrection of this sacred death-sleep—a deed forever shutting me, like Cain, from human fellowship, a life henceforth accursed and solitary. I can not portray the agony of that conviction. All hell culminates in the sudden flash that shows us the beauty of what might have been, beside the horror of what is. I felt what that rash act had cost me; as a flaming sword it stood between me and the bliss that I had forfeited.

Then my mood changed to defiance. What could separate me from my darling? Though all the world forsook me, she would not turn against me. I could not doubt her constancy. Fate might be strong, but the love in which I trusted was stronger still.

The warm air grew frosty as if touched by a breath of winter. Out of the depths of dusk arose a shape that towered above me, vast and terrible, but whose face at its far height appeared ineffably grand, beautiful, and still. Heavy wings trailed down the dimly outlined shoulders; on the moveless lips was set the seal of kingly power; the eyes, fixed in their orbits, compelled my shrinking gaze. *I knew that I was face to face with Death!* Not that hideous travesty of the remnants of mortality, the fleshless cheeks, the grinning jaws, the cavernous eye-sockets, by which we represent the King of Terrors, but a presence of sublimest majesty, divinest beauty.

With prophetic insight I read the doom my hands had wrought, the shadow brooding over a dearer life than mine. O God! my punishment was more than I could bear! While the deep, cold eyes were still upon me, and the air seemed to congeal around me, with one wild cry I swooned away. Voices

> "thin as voices from the grave:
> And deep asleep I seemed, yet all awake,
> And music in my ears my beating heart did make."

Where was I? Who was I? Had I been born again into another life? I was weak and helpless as the veriest infant, but a pleasant languor wrapped me round as if I were indeed under the spell of the milky lotus. Even to remember my own name was too great an exertion. Just to lie there with the feeling of some sweet, restful presence close at hand—that was enough. My new world, if a dreamy one, was most delightful.

But waves of swift-returning consciousness bore me back to a sense of familiar things, and a knowledge of my own identity. I fixed my wandering eyes on the faces near me, and strained my ears to catch the meaning of those voices that had been at first but far-off sounds.

"Gerald, my dear, dear boy! Don't you recognize me now? I am sure you do!" And a hand was placed upon my forehead. "Lena, he is himself again, only he is too weak to speak, but he knows us;" and even while I tried to answer, to smile my recognition, I fell off into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Bit by bit I learned it all as I grew better: the fall in the library beneath her room, that had aroused my mother from her sleep one night; the alarm with which she had hastened down to find her hopeful son stretched upon the floor in blank unconsciousness; the death-like trance, succeeded by a typhoid fever; the delirium, with its ravings of "elixirs" and "visions" and "empty spaces"—she never heard any one go on so, declared my mother, when she had reached this stage of her narration, with an evident amusement in her tone, as if the most entertaining of my fantasies re[illegible]ained untold; while a certain young lady who h[illegible]d made my convalescence very sweet by her kind[illegible]hough somewhat bashful offices, with consider[illegible]bly heightened color retreated through the door into the garden.

Then from the ca[illegible]acious chest of my uncle Mason—come down [illegible] a few days to celebrate the recovery of his jun[illegible]or—burst forth a most stentorian "Ha, ha!"

"Certainly, my boy," he went on, "you've hit on a new expedient for telling the old story! You don't believe in letting concealment, etc., prey on your damask cheek. But you're committed, mind, and we must see that you follow it up. Sterling and Sterling might take a worse partner into the firm. But of all courtships a fever-courtship is—" And here my worthy uncle saw fit to explode again.

So all these weeks I had been living in a fever-dream, dating from that first evening in the library, before I had been ten days at home, when the overwrought brain gave way! And now, who will explain a singular fact? Before this attack I *was not in love*. On my honor, I was not. Yet at the very first moment of recovered consciousness I most certainly *was*. And, as an odd coincidence, a pretty, blue-eyed friend of mine confided to me that, although "interested" in me from the first, she never "cared in *that* way" for me until my illness. Perhaps I pleaded my cause more eloquently in delirium than I could have done when in possession of my own proper faculties. At all events, my love-making had proved successful, and having already won the heart, when reason returned to her throne once more, I found it comparatively easy to persuade the hand to follow it.

Need I say the piece of bullion was yet unmelted—indeed, my wife preserves it as a sacred memento—and that the old alchemist, whatever his scientific errors, indulged in no vagary so preposterous as that of peopling space with visible forms?

The financial panic over, Sterling and Sterling raised their heads again, and credit stood unshaken. Speaking within bounds—that the envy of less fortunate individuals may not be excited—I will say that the junior S. has, at this present writing, a very pretty little fortune, a not wholly dilapidated mansion on Fifth Avenue, and —here he *must* throw off the mask of moderation, the sweetest wife in all New York!

A certain dear old lady and two small olive-branches complete the ménage. Every year we go up to Readville, but—shall I confess it?—there are three things I have never done since that summer of 185-: opened a work on chemistry, gone into that old church-yard, or looked at a faded oil-painting, still somewhere on the premises.

Such is the force of association!

CURIOSITIES OF BEES.

WONDERFUL stories concerning the production of bees were current in ancient times. Some thought that bees gathered their young off the leaves of trees, or from the flowers of the honey-wort, the reed, or the olive. Pliny speaks of them as sitting on their eggs like hens. It was a very general opinion that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle. Virgil gives a recipe for the purpose with the greatest gravity. All will remember the story of Samson and the honey that he took from the slain lion in the vineyards of Timnath. Naturally Shakspeare remembered this fact:

> "'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
> In the dead carrion."—*Henry IV.*

The truth of such stories is that occasionally the bee lays its eggs in such carcasses, trusting that the warmth engendered by decomposition will hatch them. There were enthusiastic bee-keepers in old times, as at present. Aristomachus did nothing else but attend to bees for fifty-eight years. Another amateur was surnamed "the Wild," from dwelling in the desert in order to superintend his favorites. The habits of bees are indeed wonderful, even if we refuse to credit the ancient legends of their taking up stones to ballast themselves in their flight during high winds, or lying on their backs when belated to protect their wings from the dew. We have ourselves seen a pair of bees employed at the entrance to the hive in creating a vigorous draught by perpetually moving their wings, in order to ventilate the hive. Few people are aware how heated the atmosphere of a hive becomes in hot weather.

Besides honey, wax is a regular constituent of a bee-hive. This is a secretion from the bodies of the bees, though it is hard to explode the ancient and modern fables concerning it by one stroke of the pen. A substance termed "propolis" is also found in hives. It is a kind of resin used by the little artisans to fasten up any chinks in their combs or hives. Bee-bread (the pollen of flowers) is also carried in, to serve as food for the maggots when the eggs are hatched. Comb, according to an old tradition, has been seen in Germany eight feet long. Other articles of popular belief respecting bees in ancient days were that, morning and evening, like a camp in time of war, sentinels were fixed over the commonwealth, who hummed in a peculiar manner at change of guard, like a trumpet-sound, as Pliny observes. The same veracious authority states that only clean persons, physically and morally, could take the honey from a hive; a thief is specially hated by bees. A swarm of bees, it was said, had settled upon the mouth of the infant Plato, as an omen of the entrancing sweetness of his language and philosophic speculations; much in the same way, we suppose, as Byron said that a nightingale must have sung on the head of the bed when Moore was born. Bees were by the ancients supposed to detest strong scents. The smell of a crab, if it were cooked near a hive, would half kill the inmates. If winter killed your bees, ancient Latin folk-lore directed you to expose them in spring to the sunshine, and to put hot ashes of the fig-tree near them, when they would come to life again. If a bee stung a person, it was thought that it lost its sting in the wound, and either perished at once or became a drone. Multitudinous were their enemies supposed to be. Swallows, bee-eaters, wasps, hornets, gnats, either seized bees on the wing or stole into the hives and made free with the honey; frogs and toads laid wait for them at the water's edge as they came to drink; even sheep were thought baleful, as the bees entangled themselves hopelessly in their wool. The popular voice at the present day adds to this black list of their foes sparrows, tomtits, and hens. It is certain that mice are among their worst enemies. Happy is the bee-keeper who has not fancied his hives unusually still some winter, and on opening one discovered that a colony of mice had taken up its abode among the combs, laying waste the honey. Snails, too, frequently enter and plunder the honey: as the bees have a great repugnance to touching such cold slimy creatures, they are allowed to come and go at will. The death's-head moth is also said to enter, deceiving the bees by imitating the buzzing of their queen, and so getting at the stores unmolested. Many are the stories told of the bees immuring such robbers in cells of wax, and so destroying them. The truth, however, seems to be that when the door is once forced bees yield the rest of their fortress up to the invader in sheer despair.

Great as is the difference between the facts which modern science and more exact observation have established with reference to bees, and the vague popular ideas on their economy which, as we have striven to show, were entertained respecting them by antiquity, not the least curious circumstance is that ancient and modern bee-keepers alike meet on the common ground of bee superstitions and folk-lore. Some of the old beliefs respecting bees have already been given. Their hatred to an echo, which was an ancient article of the bee-master's faith, does not seem to be confirmed on investigation. Much modern folk-lore on bees may be picked up by any one who converses with the peasantry in almost any part of England. From some reason or other, bees are looked upon as peculiarly "uncanny" creatures. Thus we were told in Lincolnshire that bees would desert a hive on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocked at their hive and told them of it. The same superstition we find to prevail in Essex, and even Cornwall. Similarly the belief that after a death hives ought to be wrapped in crape or mourning of some kind is current in Lincolnshire and East Anglia generally. It is even found in Lithuania, and is probably connected with an ancient idea that honey was a symbol of death. In Yorkshire there is a custom of inviting bees to the funeral. If a wild or humblebee enter a Northamptonshire cottage, it is deemed a certain sign of death; if a swarm of bees alight on a dead tree, or the dead branch of a living one, there will be a death in the family within the year. It is curious why the bee should, in Europe, be so connected with death, whereas in Hindoo mythology the bowstring of Kâma (the Hindoo Cupid) is formed of bees, perhaps as a symbol of love strong as death. It is worth while mentioning one or two more bee superstitions. They will never thrive, it is said, in a quarrelsome family, nor when they have been stolen. There can be no greater piece of ill luck than to purchase a swarm; it must always be given, and then the custom is to return something for it in kind—a small pig, say, or some other equivalent. Money should be avoided in the transaction as much as possible. In Hampshire it is a common saying that bees are idle or unfortunate in their work whenever there are wars. At the risk of being esteemed credulous, we may remark that the martial year (1870) was an unlucky honey year. East winds and drought seemed in that year to have repressed the secretion of honey in the nectaries of many flowers.

A HOLIDAY ON THE SANDS.

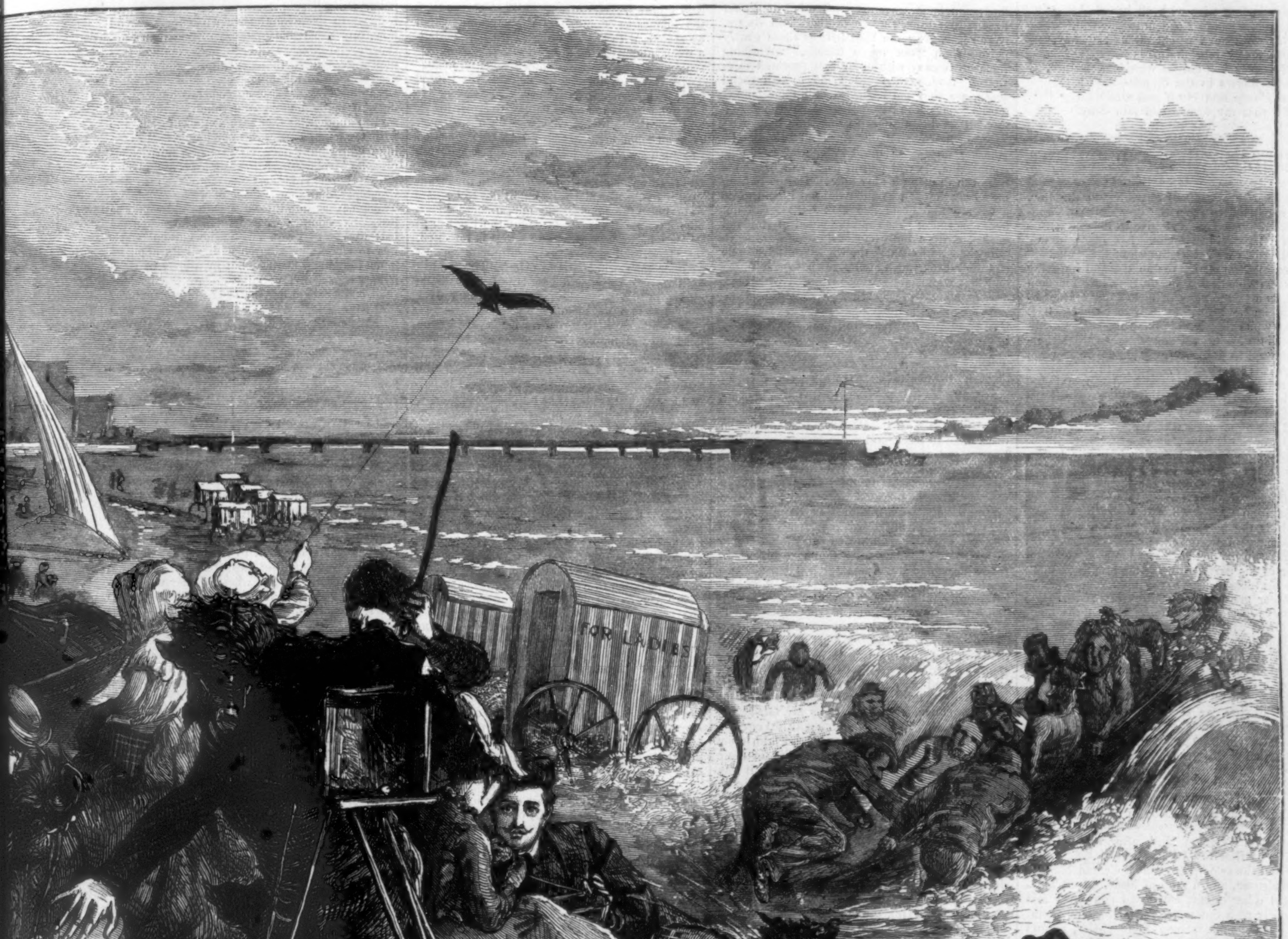
IT is pleasant, in this shivery weather, to be taken back to the balmy summer days by a scene like that depicted in the double-page illustration which adorns this Supplement. Thoroughly English as it is in some of its details—as, for instance, the bathing-wagons and the type of some of the faces—it will recall many an incident of our own sea-side watering-places during the season. There is the good-natured papa, or perhaps the old bachelor uncle, who lets the gleeful young folks bury him in the sand; the spooney pair of lovers, over whom the unconscionable dog shakes the water from his dripping sides; the wandering musicians; and the peripatetic photographer, ready to take single portraits or groups. The artist has been very happy in the selection of incidents. The little Miss Mischief, slyly filling her stockings with sand; the sister, with skirts carefully tucked up, sailing a miniature sloop in a miniature bay; the boat full of screaming ladies launched through the breakers for a row; the quiet family group in the centre of the picture, looking on the scene with such evident content—all these help to carry out the sentiment of the scene, and awaken pleasant reminiscences. Every reader who has ever passed a season at the sea-side, at Newport, Long Branch, or Atlantic City, will remember incidents akin to these, as faithfully depicted by the artist.

WHY BLACK?

IT is nothing but fashion that compels the black garb as the sign of a grief that may be more apparent than real. In this respect many of the Oriental nations are more poetical than we, for they adopt not black, but yellow, as the color to be worn by those whose friends have preceded them to the grave. They do this, because yellow symbolizes the entrance of the departed spirit into the great yellow light of the rising dawn of eternity, a day that is to be, where there shall be no such thing as night or darkness.

The compulsory wearing of black among Christian nations may be a small matter to the rich when one of their family or friends departs to a better world; but to the poor it is a serious business, and adds a new terror to the death which they deplore; the terror of an expenditure which they can not afford without depriving the living of that which is necessary to their life, and crippling their resources for many months, or it may be years, of painful abnegation. The luxury of woe to the men and women of ten thousand a year may be as attractive a luxury as any other, and the black attire may be made as coquettish to the female eye and mind as the gaudiest colors in which it may please beauty to bedizen herself, or respectability to make herself look more seemingly respectable. But to the woman in the middle or lower class, with possibly half a dozen children to fit out with suits of the prescribed color of death, the question of mourning, which fashion forces upon the observance of rich and poor alike, is one that may sometimes be too closely connected with insolvency or the pinching of the stomach to be agreeable to the contemplation of the head of the family, or of her who claims to be more than half the head and the whole heart of the establishment.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY ON THE SAND



[...he] Sands.—[See Page 955.]

THE SWEET BETRAYAL.

MY darling tries with all her art
To hide young Love within her heart,
But, prisoned in that tender nest,
He frets and frets, and will not rest;
And soon the little rogue I spy
At play within her laughing eye.

My darling tries with all her skill
To bind young Love unto her will,
But work such witchcraft as she may,
The pretty rebel hath his way.
He decks her cheeks with blushes rare,
And lingers in the dimples there;
In glance and blush and smile I spy
All that my love would fain deny.

PRIEST, PREMIER, AND PEASANT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

IT is very sweet and charming in the Rev. Newman Hall to open the doors of Mr. Gladstone's dining-room, and give us outside barbarians a lesson in manners. Not often, in this country, can we get a glimpse of the "quality" at breakfast; and for the august and imposing spectacle vouchsafed us by the Rev. Newman Hall, in a late number of one of our contemporaries, the Lord make us truly thankful!

But while the scene is one calculated to sink deeply into our hearts, and while we are devoutly disposed to derive from it all the instruction which it is intended to convey, still the humble and teachable spirit is beset by doubts and perplexities which, unless solved, may prevent the full fruition of those hopes for our advance toward the humanities which must spring in the breasts of the British clergy.

For example, is a breakfast in a private English house a private or a public affair? An American gentleman, or such "Brummagem" substitutes for gentlemen as we have—that conglomeration which we call a gentleman, and which is the best we can offer—an American gentleman, of whatever station, considers his breakfast in his own house as purely private, and if one of his party, reverend or profane, should leave his table to send to the newspapers a list of the other guests, an inventory of his furniture and table decoration, a description of the manners of his wife and daughters, and of the dress and demeanor of his servants, he would consider that his hospitality had been abused. If he requested or permitted his guest to publish the details of his breakfast-party, we should all say of him, "Shoddy!" If the guest published it without permission, we should say of the guest—something far worse: so crude are our notions of the laws which govern polite society.

Nevertheless in France they are still more crude. In France if you do but so much as publish the names of persons joining a pleasure-party, they make you pay a fine of fifty francs. But the French are a nation of frog-eating savages.

The Rev. Newman Hall, after minutely informing us that Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone and the two Misses Gladstone and Mr. W. H. Gladstone, and a mob of lords, deans, bishops and other clergy, conversed constantly and pleasantly with our negro friends, sat by them, took their hands, placed their chairs, poured their tea, till it would seem, as Sydney Smith said of Lord Macaulay and his learning, that they not only overflowed with civility, but stood in the slop—after telling us that even the liveried footmen paid as much attention to the colored singers of Tennessee as to the titled ladies of English aristocracy, and that it was all done without pride or condescension, not as an effort nor for the show of it—adds, "To English readers I should apologize for writing in this way; my description would be severely criticised, as giving prominence to trifling courtesies which with us are matters of course." But for the American market it is naturally proper to send over the beads, blankets, and wampum adapted to our rude condition. I can not refrain from emphasizing in my feeble way the reverend gentleman's moral, and expressing the hope that our American breakfast-givers will not let this lesson be lost upon them, but will hereafter consider all the persons invited to their table, whatever may be their rank outside, as equally entitled to courtesy; that they will no longer, as heretofore, fall to upon their own bread-and-butter in stern silence, while guests whom they have bidden bawl in vain to servants who have weighed them in the balance and found them wanting in rank, and therefore not worth waiting on. Such practices, it is well known, are the disgrace of our dining-rooms. They do things differently in England. In England they pour your tea for you, and then they send a letter home to your newspapers, saying how kind it was in them to pour it! And they did it without condescension, too, and without effort, and not for the show of it! This is truly flattering to the guest! This is the last touch of quiet insular good-breeding!

When the Rev. Newman Hall tells us that the English aristocracy treated "our negro friends" "exactly as if they had been white people in their own rank of life," what precisely is his meaning and his moral?—that Lord Lyttleton and Lord Cavendish and the Honorable M.P.s and the chief women not a few actually adopted these colored students into, or assumed them as belonging to, their own order, to be received and visited, to be married and given in marriage, precisely as if they were born members of the English peerage? Unless he means that, he means nothing. He does not accuse even our "low-bred, unrefined, and narrow souls" of withholding from the negro any thing but social equality. From this point of view even the question which in the old days of slavery was so illogically thrust at the Abolitionists becomes, if not elegant, at least pertinent, "Would you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" Are we to understand that the English aristocracy are accustomed to fraternize with groups of white singers who travel around the country giving concerts? Is it their habit to break up their breakfast-parties with each other by singing together "John Brown's body" and the Lord's Prayer with tears in their eyes? Do lords and ladies, meeting each other at dinner for the first time, part as brothers and sisters, as the Rev. Newman Hall tells us these gentry parted from "our negro friends," wrenching themselves away with many and repeated farewells? And, depicting the sad though social scene, are they particular to dub their fellow-guests "our white friends," or "our friends" of any sort, a dozen times in the same letter? I very much fear that our reverend brother—if, laboring under the disadvantage of a blonde complexion, he will permit us to call him so—has been drawing a long bow! Far be it from me to say that the Premier did not intend to do a friendly and hospitable act; but we can not help suspecting that the blue blood of England gushed a little more copiously over our negro "brothers and sisters" than it would have done had they been fair-haired British troubadours; and that while one eye was suffused with tears at the thought of parting with the beloved negro minstrels, the other was cocked at this country to see if we were being duly impressed by the touching scene.

We have never in our republic waged a war for social equality either for ourselves or for the negroes. We demanded for them personal liberty. We secured for them civil rights. Social equality never has been, and, we believe, never will be, a *casus belli*. We hold that the nation owes alike to black and white protection to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but that social position should be left to adjust itself. We believe that it is the duty of government to secure a man unmolested possession of his own house, but that it is no part of its mission to thrust him into any other man's house. This people is perfectly willing that every Englishman in her Majesty's dominions should eat his breakfast, dinner, and supper sandwiched between two negroes, if he likes it better so; but it is also profoundly indifferent to the fact that its own "low-bred, unrefined, and narrow souls" generally prefer the company of their own race, whether Caucasian or African. When the Jubilee Singers sang at home they were entertained by gentlemen who, though Americans, and therefore unacquainted with the trifling courtesies which with Britons are matters of course, still stand as high in our savage society as Mr. Gladstone and the royal dean in their more polished circles; but it never occurred to them to proclaim their feasts abroad, or to make a note of it for their own home newspapers, or to imagine that it was of the slightest interest to any person whatever except those that had a share in it. Mr. Frederick Douglass is entertained by gentlemen, with gentlemen, and as a gentleman, not as a negro or a lion. Adult society in this country does not usually rush into the arms of any body of under-graduates whatever, but it is far from desiring to impose any restraints on English society in that direction. It prefers to leave these matters alone, believing that the laws which govern social intercourse are too delicate for rough handling, and that no law is so just, so effective, or so beneficent as the law of individual liking. When you have given a man freedom and opportunity to make the most of himself, you have given him every thing he has a right to ask, and no one thereafter is bound to feed, amuse, or marry him.

But the Rev. Newman Hall is not satisfied. We at our own life's hazard struck off the bonds from the negro, and gave him the same right of suffrage that we ourselves hold. We claim no credit, for we have done only that which it was our duty to do; but it remains true that we have opened to the negro every avenue to wealth, progress, and happiness. What has the Rev. Newman Hall's country done? We have just sweated out of her fifteen millions of dollars in atonement for the hinderances which she directly and with malice aforethought put in our way when we were fighting unto death the negro's fight, and she filled the world with her caterwauling because we so much as mentioned the harm which she indirectly did us. The most honorable part which England played in the great drama that freed the negro was the payment to us ten years afterward of a tithe of what she cost us by her foolish and futile intermeddling in his master's favor while we were pouring out all our wealth and life for the slave. And now she lifts up her eyes unto heaven, and thanks God that she is not as we publicans, because she asks the negro to breakfast.

Before the Rev. Newman Hall again falls down in adoration of the affability of his aristocracy to the Jubilee Singers, and rises up in rebuke of the "low-bred, unrefined, and narrow souls" among ours, it might be well for him to remember that if his country had had her way there would have been no jubilee and no singers, but "our negro friends" would still be grinding in the prison-house of slavery.

In the same paper which details this bland breakfast-party we find an account of Mr. Joseph Arch, who has just come to this country from England in the interest of her farm-laborers. Since breakfast-parties seem to be considered public property in England, it will not be thought impertinent to inquire of the Rev. Newman Hall if Mr. Gladstone, or Lord Cavendish, or the dean of the Queen's Chapel Royal had him in to breakfast and wept over him on the occasion of his departure to this country, or whether the Rev. Newman Hall himself gave him a little luncheon—as he tells us he did to "our negro friends"—with a stout English peasant and his wife comfortably seated between each titled guest, and all pouring out tea and talk in millennial sociability. The Jubilee Singers but a little while ago were a (scarcely) lower class than the English farm-laborer, and but for the ineffectiveness of English interference they would be the same to-day. "Our negro friends" went to England for money to sustain their university. Joseph Arch comes to this country for meat to feed families. His errand lies nearer life than the Tennessee errand. The laborers for whom he speaks, with large families, earn ten shillings a week, and "ten shillings a week," certain of their own prophets say, "now means no meat." There is not an able-bodied negro in the United States who can not have meat every day of his life if he wants it and is willing to work for it, and there are probably few who do not have it. A good solid breakfast to fifteen or twenty of these ten-shillings-a-week laborers, besides being a cheering recognition of social equality, would be also a very substantial assistance in the struggle for life. If Americans ought not to hesitate to invite to their houses any one, otherwise suitable, because he is black, ought the English to hesitate because he is white? If it is low-bred, unrefined, and narrow to discriminate against another race, what is it to discriminate against your own? Why should lords and ladies hand chairs to our struggling peasantry, and duck their own in a horse-pond?

Is it said that "our negro friends" are intelligent and well-mannered, while the farm-laborers are coarse, brutal, and boorish? Whose fault is that? Ten years ago "our negro friends" did not own even their own bodies, and were forbidden to learn to read. If in ten years we have so treated and trained them that they are now the social equals of English lords, while English peasants still live in wretched hovels, with holes in the roofs, dirty, reeking with filth and the seeds of disease, whole families in a single miserable broken-down room, where they were drenched if it rained, and suffocated if the sun shone hot, is it worth while for the Rev. Newman Hall to spend a great deal of his valuable time in shaming us because every other person at our dinner-tables is not a negro? When we see the vicar of Honeybourne browbeating his parishioners because the father of five children does not save sixpence a week out of his wages of ten shillings, the Duke of Marlborough ordering every man on his estate to be turned out of house and home without notice if he unites with other laborers in an effort to get fourteen shillings a week, and the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Gloucester recommending similar malcontents in his diocese to be ducked in the nearest horse-pond, we are not so overwhelmed with a sense of our own short-comings regarding the negro, nor so awed with the superior civilization of the English peerage in placing their chairs, as the Rev. Newman Hall might desire.

Mr. Kinglake tells us that Mr. Gladstone used to be distinguished for a more than common liveliness of conscience; that he once imagined it to be his duty to quit a government and to burst through strong ties of friendship and gratitude by reason of a thin shade of difference on the subject of white or brown sugar. In the mere fact of this breakfast the unassisted reason would detect but a thoroughly innocent preference for brown. But in the light of the Rev. Newman Hall's magnifying-glass, are we at fault in fancying we discern that pleasure in casuistry and exaggeration which the same historian tells us made his friends think if he were to commit even a little sin he would be likely to give his soul a very harsh trial, and treat himself as a great criminal for faults—and, shall an American commentator add, as a great saint for virtues?—too minute to be visible to the naked eyes of laymen?

Or is it the Rev. Newman Hall's fault alone that we are in danger of joining those practical politicians who call him, behind his back, a good man—a good man in the worst sense of the term?

(Continued from No. 877, page 931.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE UNIVERSE.

BEFORE the House met again the quid nuncs about the clubs, on both sides of the question, had determined that Mr. Gresham's speech, whether good or not as an effort of oratory, would serve its intended purpose. He would be backed by a majority of votes, and it might have been very doubtful whether such would have been the case had he attempted to throw out the bill on its merits. Mr. Ratler, by the time that prayers had been read, had become almost certain of success. There were very few Liberals in the House who were not anxious to declare by their votes that they had no confidence in Mr. Daubeny. Mr. Turnbull, the great Radical, and, perhaps, some two dozen with him, would support the second reading, declaring that they could not reconcile it with their consciences to record a vote in favor of a union of Church and State. On all such occasions as the present Mr. Turnbull was sure to make himself disagreeable to those who sat near to him in the House. He was a man who thought that so much was demanded of him in order that his independence might be doubted by none. It was nothing to him, he was wont to say, who called himself Prime Minister, or Secretary here, or President there. But then there would be quite as much of this independence on the Conservative as on the Liberal side of the House. Surely there would be more than two dozen gentlemen who would be true enough to the cherished principles of their whole lives to vote against such a bill as this! It was the fact that there were so very few so true which added such a length to the faces of the country parsons. Six months ago not a country gentleman in England would have listened to such a proposition without loud protests as to its revolutionary wickedness. And now, under the sole pressure of one man's authority, the subject had become so common that men were assured that the thing would be done even though of all things that could be done it were the worst. "It is no good any longer having any opinion upon any thing," one person said to another, as they sat together at their club with their newspapers in their hands. "Nothing frightens any one—no infidelity, no wickedness, no revolution. All reverence is at end, and the Holy of Holies is no more even to the worshiper than the threshold of the Temple." Though it became known that the bill would be lost, what comfort was there in that, when the battle was to be won not by the chosen Israelites to whom the Church with all its appurtenances ought to be dear, but by a crew of Philistines who would certainly follow the lead of their opponents in destroying the holy structure?

On the Friday the debate was continued with much life on the Ministerial side of the House. It was very easy for them to cry Faction! Faction! and hardly necessary for them to do more. A few parrot words had been learned as to the expediency of fitting the great and increasing Church of England to the growing necessity of the age. That the CHURCH OF ENGLAND would still be the CHURCH OF ENGLAND was repeated till weary listeners were sick of the unmeaning words. But the zeal of the combatants was displayed on that other question. Faction was now the avowed weapon of the leaders of the so-called Liberal side of the House, and it was very easy to denounce the new doctrine. Every word that Mr. Gresham had spoken was picked in pieces, and the enormity of his theory was exhibited. He had boldly declared to them that they were to regard men and not measures, and they were to show by their votes whether they were prepared to accept such teaching. The speeches were, of course, made by alternate orators, but the firing from the Conservative benches was on this evening much the louder.

It would have seemed that with such an issue between them they might almost have consented to divide after the completion of the two great speeches. The course on which they were to run had been explained to them, and it was not probable that any member's intention as to his running would now be altered by any thing that he might hear. Mr. Turnbull's two dozen defaulters were all known, and the two dozen and four true Conservatives were known also. But, nevertheless, a great many members were anxious to speak. It would be the great debate of the session, and the subject to be handled—that, namely, of the general merits and demerits of the two political parties—was wide and very easy. On that night it was past one o'clock when Mr. Turnbull adjourned the House.

"I'm afraid we must put you off till Tuesday," Mr. Ratler said on the Sunday afternoon to Phineas Finn.

"I have no objection at all, so long as I get a fair place on that day."

"There sha'n't be a doubt about that. Gresham particularly wants you to speak, because you are pledged to a measure of disestablishment. You can insist on his own views—that even should such a measure be essentially necessary—"

"Which I think it is," said Phineas.

"Still it should not be accepted from the old Church-and-State party."

There was something pleasant in this to Phineas Finn—something that made him feel for the moment that he had perhaps mistaken the bearing of his friend toward him. "We are sure of a majority, I suppose," he said.

"Absolutely sure," said Ratler. "I begin to think it will amount to half a hundred—perhaps more."

"What will Daubeny do?"

"Go out. He can't do any thing else. His pluck is certainly wonderful, but even with his pluck he can't dissolve again. His Church Bill has given him a six months' run, and six months is something."

"Is it true that Grogram is to be Chancellor?" Phineas asked the question not from any particular solicitude as to the prospects of Sir Gregory Grogram, but because he was anxious to hear whether Mr. Ratler would speak to him with any thing of the cordiality of fellowship respecting the new Government. But Mr. Ratler became at once discreet and close, and said that he did not think that any thing as yet was known as to the Wool-sack. Then Phineas retreated again within his shell, with a certainty that nothing would be done for him.

And yet to whom could this question of place be of such vital importance as it was to him? He had come back to his old haunts from Ireland, abandoning altogether the pleasant safety of an assured income, buoyed by the hope of office. He had, after a fashion, made his calculations. In the present disposition of the country it was, he thought, certain that the Liberal party must, for the next twenty years, have longer periods of power than their opponents; and he had thought also that were he in the House, some place would eventually be given to him. He had been in office before, and had been especially successful. He knew that it had been said of him that of the young débutants of latter years he had been the best. He had left his party by opposing them; but he had done so without creating any ill-will among the leaders of his party, in a manner that had been regarded

as highly honorable to him, and on departing had received expressions of deep regret from Mr. Gresham himself. When Barrington Erle had wanted him to return to his old work, his own chief doubt had been about the seat. But he had been bold and had adventured all, and had succeeded. There had been some little trouble about those pledges given at Tankerville, but he would be able to turn them even to the use of his party. It was quite true that nothing had been promised him; but Erle, when he had written, bidding him to come over from Ireland, must have intended him to understand that he would be again enrolled in the favored regiment, should he be able to show himself as the possessor of a seat in the House. And yet—yet he felt convinced that when the day should come it would be to him a day of disappointment, and that when the list should appear his name would not be on it. Madame Goesler had suggested to him that Mr. Bonteen might be his enemy, and he replied by stating that he himself hated Mr. Bonteen. He now remembered that Mr. Bonteen had hardly spoken to him since his return to London, though there had not in fact been any quarrel between them. In this condition of mind he longed to speak openly to Barrington Erle, but he was restrained by a feeling of pride, and a still existing idea that no candidate for office, let his claim be what it might, should ask for a place. On that Sunday evening he saw Bonteen at the club. Men were going in and out with that feverish excitement which always prevails on the eve of a great Parliamentary change. A large majority against the Government was considered to be certain; but there was an idea abroad that Mr. Daubeny had some scheme in his head by which to confute the immediate purport of his enemies. There was nothing to which the audacity of the man was not equal. Some said that he would dissolve the House—which had hardly as yet been six months sitting. Others were of opinion that he would simply resolve not to vacate his place—thus defying the majority of the House and all the ministerial traditions of the country. Words had fallen from him which made some men certain that such was his intention. That it should succeed ultimately was impossible. The whole country would rise against him. Supplies would be refused. In every detail of Government he would be impeded. But then, such was the temper of the man, it was thought that all these horrors would not deter him. There would be a blaze and a confusion, in which timid men would doubt whether the Constitution would be burned to tinder or only illuminated; but that blaze and that confusion would be dear to Mr. Daubeny if he could stand as the centre figure—the great pyrotechnist who did it all, red from head to foot with the glare of the squibs with which his own hands were filling all the spaces. The anticipation that some such display might take place made men busy and eager; so that on that Sunday evening they roamed about from one place of meeting to another, instead of sitting at home with their wives and daughters. There was at this time existing a small club—so called, though unlike other clubs—which had entitled itself the Universe. The name was supposed to be a joke, as it was limited to ninety-nine members. It was domiciled in one simple and somewhat mean apartment. It was kept open only one hour before and one hour after midnight, and that only on two nights of the week, and that only when Parliament was sitting. Its attractions were not numerous, consisting chiefly of tobacco and tea. The conversation was generally listless and often desultory; and occasionally there would arise the great and terrible evil of a punster, whom every one hated but no one had life enough to put down. But the thing had been a success, and men liked to be members of the Universe. Mr. Bonteen was a member, and so was Phineas Finn. On this Sunday evening the club was open, and Phineas, as he entered the room, perceived that his enemy was seated alone on a corner of a sofa. Mr. Bonteen was not a man who loved to be alone in public places, and was apt rather to make one of congregations, affecting popularity, and always at work increasing his influence. But on this occasion his own greatness had probably isolated him. If it were true that he was to be the new Chancellor of the Exchequer—to ascend from demi-godhead to the perfect divinity of the Cabinet—and to do so by a leap which would make him high even among first-class gods, it might be well for himself to look to himself and choose new congregations. Or at least it would be becoming that he should be chosen now instead of being a chooser. He was one who could weigh to the last ounce the importance of his position, and make most accurate calculations as to the effect of his intimacies. On that very morning Mr. Gresham had suggested to him that in the event of a Liberal Government being formed, he should hold the high office in question. This, perhaps, had not been done in the most flattering manner, as Mr. Gresham had deeply bewailed the loss of Mr. Palliser, and had almost demanded a pledge from Mr. Bonteen that he would walk exactly in Mr. Palliser's footsteps; but the offer had been made, and could not be retracted; and Mr. Bonteen already felt the warmth of the halo of perfect divinity.

There are some men who seem to have been born to be Cabinet Ministers—dukes mostly, or earls, or the younger sons of such—who have been trained to it from their very cradles, and of whom we may imagine that they are subject to no special awe when they first enter into that august assembly, and feel but little personal elevation. But to the political aspirant not born in the purple of public life this entrance upon the counsels of the higher deities must be accompanied by a feeling of supreme triumph, dashed by considerable misgivings. Perhaps Mr. Bonteen was reveling in his triumph; perhaps he was anticipating his misgivings. Phineas, though disinclined to make any inquiries of a friend which might seem to refer to his own condition, felt no such reluctance in regard to one who certainly could not suspect him of asking a favor. He was presumed to be on terms of intimacy with the man, and he took his seat beside him, asking some question as to the debate. Now Mr. Bonteen had more than once expressed an opinion among his friends that Phineas Finn would throw his party over, and vote with the Government. The Ratlers and Erles and Fitzgibbons all knew that Phineas was safe, but Mr. Bonteen was still in doubt. It suited him to affect something more than doubt on the present occasion. "I wonder that you should ask me," said Mr. Bonteen.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I presume that you, as usual, will vote against us."

"I never voted against my party but once," said Phineas, "and then I did it with the approbation of every man in it for whose good opinion I cared a straw." There was insult in his tone as he said this, and something near akin to insult in his words.

"You must do it again now, or break every promise that you made at Tankerville."

"Do you know what promise I made at Tankerville? I shall break no promise."

"You must allow me to say, Mr. Finn, that the kind of independence which is practiced by you and Mr. Monk, grand as it may be on the part of men who avowedly abstain from office, is a little dangerous when it is now and again adopted by men who have taken place. I like to be sure that the men who are in the same boat with me won't take it into their heads that their duty requires them to scuttle the ship." Having so spoken, Mr. Bonteen, with nearly all the grace of a full-fledged Cabinet Minister, rose from his seat on the corner of the sofa and joined a small congregation.

Phineas felt that his ears were tingling and that his face was red. He looked round to ascertain from the countenances of others whether they had heard what had been said. Nobody had been close to them, and he thought that the conversation had been unnoticed. He knew now that he had been imprudent in addressing himself to Mr. Bonteen, though the question that he had first asked had been quite commonplace. As it was, the man, he thought, had been determined to affront him, and had made a charge against him which he could not allow to pass unnoticed. And then there was all the additional bitterness in it which arose from the conviction that Bonteen had spoken the opinion of other men as well as his own, and that he had plainly indicated that the gates of the official paradise were to be closed against the presumed offender. Phineas had before believed that it was to be so, but that belief had now become assurance. He got up in his misery to leave the room, but as he did so he met Laurence Fitzgibbon. "You have heard the news about Bonteen?" said Laurence.

"What news?"

"He's to be pitchforked up to the Exchequer. They say it's quite settled. The higher a monkey climbs— You know the proverb." So saying, Laurence Fitzgibbon passed into the room, and Phineas Finn took his departure in solitude.

And so the man with whom he had managed to quarrel utterly was to be one in the Cabinet, a man whose voice would probably be potential in the selection of minor members of the Government. It seemed to him to be almost incredible that such a one as Mr. Bonteen should be chosen for such an office. He had despised almost as soon as he had known Mr. Bonteen, and had rarely heard the future manager of the finance of the country spoken of with either respect or regard. He had regarded Mr. Bonteen as a useful, dull, unscrupulous politician, well accustomed to Parliament, acquainted with the by-paths and back-doors of official life, and therefore certain of employment when the Liberals were in power; but there was no one in the party he had thought less likely to be selected for high place. And yet this man was to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer, while he, Phineas Finn, very probably at this man's instance, was to be left out in the cold.

He knew himself to be superior to the man he hated, to have higher ideas of political life, and to be capable of greater political sacrifices. He himself had sat shoulder to shoulder with many men on the Treasury Bench whose political principles he had not greatly valued; but of none of them had he thought so little as he had done of Mr. Bonteen. And yet this Mr. Bonteen was to be the new Chancellor of the Exchequer! He walked home to his lodgings in Marlborough Street, wretched because of his own failure—doubly wretched because of the other man's success.

He laid awake half the night thinking of the words that had been spoken to him, and after breakfast on the following morning he wrote the following note to his enemy:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *April* 5, 18—.

"DEAR MR. BONTEEN,—It is matter of extreme regret to me that last night at the Universe I should have asked you some chance question about the coming division. Had I guessed to what it might have led, I should not have addressed you. But as it is, I can hardly abstain from noticing what appeared to me to be a personal charge made against myself with a great want of the courtesy which is supposed to prevail among men who have acted together. Had we never done so, my original question to you might perhaps have been deemed an impertinence.

"As it was, you accused me of having been dishonest to my party, and of having 'scuttled the ship.' On the occasion to which you alluded I acted with much consideration, greatly to the detriment of my own prospects, and, as I believed, with the approbation of all who knew any thing of the subject. If you will make inquiry of Mr. Gresham, or Lord Cantrip, who was then my chief, I think that either will tell you that my conduct on that occasion was not such as to lay me open to reproach. If you will do this, I think that you can not fail afterward to express regret for what you said to me last night.

"Yours sincerely, PHINEAS FINN.

"THOS. BONTEEN, ESQ., M.P."

He did not like the letter when he had written it, but he did not know how to improve it, and he sent it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

POLITICAL VENOM.

ON the Monday Mr. Turnbull opened the ball by declaring his reasons for going into the same lobby with Mr. Daubeny. This he did at great length. To him all the mighty pomp and all the little squabbles of office were, he said, as nothing. He would never allow himself to regard the person of the Prime Minister. The measure before the House ever had been, and ever should be, all in all to him. If the public weal were more regarded in that House, and the quarrels of men less considered, he thought that the service of the country would be better done. He was answered by Mr. Monk, who was sitting near him, and who intended to support Mr. Gresham. Mr. Monk was rather happy in pulling his old friend Mr. Turnbull to pieces, expressing his opinion that a difference in men meant a difference in measures. The characters of men whose principles were known were guarantees for the measures they would advocate. To him—Mr. Monk—it was matter of very great moment who was Prime Minister of England. He was always selfish enough to wish for a Minister with whom he himself could agree on the main questions of the day. As he certainly could not say that he had political confidence in the present Ministry, he should certainly vote against them on this occasion.

In the course of the evening Phineas found a letter addressed to himself from Mr. Bonteen. It was as follows:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *April* 5, 18—.

"DEAR MR. FINN,—I never accused you of dishonesty. You must have misheard or misunderstood me if you thought so. I did say that you had scuttled the ship; and as you most undoubtedly did scuttle it—you and Mr. Monk between you—I can not retract my words.

"I do not want to go to any one for testimony as to your merits on the occasion. I accused you of having done nothing dishonorable or disgraceful. I think I said that there was danger in the practice of scuttling. I think so still, though I know that many fancy that those who scuttle do a fine thing. I don't deny that it's fine, and therefore you can have no cause of complaint against me. Yours truly,

"J. BONTEEN."

He had brought a copy of his own letter in his pocket to the House, and he showed the correspondence to Mr. Monk. "I would not have noticed it, had I been you."

"You can have no idea of the offensive nature of the remark when it was made."

"It's as offensive to me as to you, but I should not think of moving in such a matter. When a man annoys you, keep out of his way. It is generally the best thing you can do."

"If a man were to call you a liar?"

"But men don't call each other liars. Bonteen understands the world much too well to commit himself by using any word which common opinion would force him to retract. He says we scuttled the ship. Well, we did. Of all the political acts of my life it is the one of which I am most proud. The manner in which you helped me has entitled you to my affectionate esteem. But we did scuttle the ship. Before you can quarrel with Bonteen you must be able to show that a metaphorical scuttling of a ship must necessarily be a disgraceful act. You see how he at once retreats behind the fact that it need not be so."

"You wouldn't answer his letter."

"I think not. You can do yourself no good by a correspondence in which you can not get a hold of him. And if you did get a hold of him you would injure yourself much more than him. Just drop it." This added much to our friend's misery, and made him feel that the weight of it was almost more than he could bear. His enemy had got the better of him at every turn. He had now rushed into a correspondence as to which he would have to own by his silence that he had been confuted. And yet he was sure that Mr. Bonteen had at the club insulted him most unjustifiably, and that if the actual truth were known, no man, certainly not Mr. Monk, would hesitate to say that reparation was due to him. And yet what could he do? He thought that he would consult Lord Cantrip, and endeavor to get from his late chief some advice more palatable than that which had been tendered to him by Mr. Monk.

In the mean time animosities in the House were waxing very furious; and, as it happened, the debate took a turn that was peculiarly injurious to Phineas Finn in his present state of mind. The rumor as to the future promotion of Mr. Bonteen, which had been conveyed by Laurence Fitzgibbon to Phineas at the Universe, had, as was natural, spread far and wide, and had reached the ears of those who still sat on the Ministerial benches. Now it is quite understood among politicians in this country that no man should presume that he will have imposed upon him the task of forming a Ministry until he has been called upon by the Crown to undertake that great duty. Let the Gresham or the Daubeny of the day be ever so sure that the reins of the State chariot must come into his hands, he should not visibly prepare himself for the seat on the box till he has actually been summoned to place himself there. At this moment it was alleged that Mr. Gresham had departed from the reticence and modesty usual in such a position as his, by taking steps toward the formation of a Cabinet, while it was as yet quite possible that he might never be called upon to form any Cabinet. Late on this Monday night, when the House was quite full, one of Mr. Daubeny's leading lieutenants, a Secretary of State, Sir Orlando Drought by name—a gentleman who if he had any heart in the matter must have hated this Church Bill from the very bottom of his heart, and who on that account was the more bitter against opponents who had not ceased to throw in his teeth his own political tergiversation—fell foul of Mr. Gresham as to this rumored appointment to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. The reader will easily imagine the things that were said. Sir Orlando had heard, and had been much surprised at hearing, that a certain honorable member of that House, who had long been known to them as a tenant of the Ministerial bench, had already been appointed to a high office. He, Sir Orlando, had not been aware that the office had been vacant, or that if vacant it would have been at the disposal of the right honorable gentleman; but he believed that there was no doubt that the place in question, with a seat in the Cabinet, had been tendered to, and accepted by, the honorable member to whom he alluded. Such was the rabid haste with which the right honorable gentleman opposite, and his colleagues, were attempting, he would not say to climb, but to rush into office, by opposing a great measure of reform, the wisdom of which, as was notorious to all the world, they themselves did not dare to deny. Much more of the same kind was said, during which Mr. Gresham pulled about his hat, shuffled his feet, showed his annoyance to all the House, and at last jumped upon his legs.

"If," said Sir Orlando Drought, "if the right honorable gentleman wishes to deny the accuracy of any statements that I have made, I will give way to him for the moment that he may do so."

"I deny utterly, not only the accuracy, but every detail of the statement made by the right honorable gentleman opposite," said Mr. Gresham, still standing and holding his hat in his hand as he completed his denial.

"Does the right honorable gentleman mean to assure me that he has not selected his future Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"The right honorable gentleman is too acute not to be aware that we on this side of the House may have made such selection, and that yet every detail of the statement which he has been rash enough to make to the House may be—unfounded. The word, Sir, is weak; but I would fain avoid the use of any words which, justifiable though they might be, would offend the feelings of the House. I will explain to the House exactly what has been done."

Then there was a great hubbub—cries of "Order," "Gresham," "Spoke," "Hear, hear," and the like—during which Sir Orlando Drought and Mr. Gresham both stood on their legs. So powerful was Mr. Gresham's voice that, through it all, every word that he said was audible to the reporters. His opponent hardly attempted to speak, but stood relying upon his right. Mr. Gresham said he understood that it was the desire of the House that he should explain the circumstances in reference to the charge that had been made against him, and it would certainly be for the convenience of the House that this should be done at the moment. The Speaker of course ruled that Sir Orlando was in possession of the floor, but suggested that it might be convenient that he should yield to the right honorable gentleman on the other side for a few minutes. Mr. Gresham, as a matter of course, succeeded. Rights and rules, which are bonds of iron to a little man, are pack-thread to a giant. No one in all that assembly knew the House better than did Mr. Gresham, was better able to take it by storm, or more obdurate in perseverance. He did make his speech, though clearly he had no right to do so. The House, he said, was aware, that by the most unfortunate demise of the late Duke of Omnium, a gentleman had been removed from this House to another place, whose absence from their counsels would long be felt as a very grievous loss. Then he pronounced a eulogy on Plantagenet Palliser, so graceful and well arranged, that even the bitterness of the existing Opposition was unable to demur to it. The House was well aware of the nature of the labors which now for some years past had occupied the mind of the noble Duke, and the paramount importance which the country attached to their conclusion. The noble Duke, no doubt, was not absolutely debarred from a continuance of his work by the change which had fallen upon him; but it was essential that some gentleman, belonging to the same party with the noble Duke, versed in office, and having a seat in that House, should endeavor to devote himself to the great measure which had occupied so much of the attention of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. No doubt it must be fitting that the gentleman so selected should be at the Exchequer, in the event of their party coming into office. The honorable gentleman to whom allusion had been made had acted throughout with the present noble Duke in arranging the details of the measure in question; and the probability of his being able to fill the shoes left vacant by the accession to the peerage of the noble Duke had, indeed, been discussed; but the discussion had been made in reference to the measure, and only incidentally in regard to the office. He, Mr. Gresham, held that he had done nothing that was indiscreet—nothing that his duty did not demand. If right honorable gentlemen opposite were of a different opinion, he thought that that difference came